



THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 2,011, Vol. 77.

May 12, 1894.

Registered for
Transmission abroad.

Price 6d.

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CHRONICLE.

In Parliament. **Lords.** **THE** House of Lords met for a short time yesterday week, did some business, and received an assurance from Lord ROSEBURY that it might have more than a whole fortnight, or from the 10th till the 28th of May, for its Whitsuntide holiday.

Commons.

A taste, fortunately not deleterious, but only disgusting, of the quality of the present House of Commons was given yesterday week by the debate and division on the Cambridge Corporation Bill. This, as our readers know, included a scheme for adjusting those Proctorial powers which have been such a constant source of squabble to the system which has prevailed for very many years at the sister University with hardly a trace of discontent. The shriekers, however, had vowed war to the knife against it in their Federation, and Mr. WEBB rose to move the rejection of the clause. Some debate followed, and, though it was carried by a respectable majority of more than fourscore, yet no less than 157 members voted against it. Then, after an interesting discussion as to the clean sheets supplied to THOMAS ATKINS and some minor matters, the Registration Bill was resumed. Mr. HENEAGE gave way to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who made another very deadly attack on the measure, beginning with its extreme and unnecessary costliness, and ending with its gerrymandering. Mr. MORLEY followed, and in a speech of considerable acrimony endeavoured to reply at once to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S remarks and to those of Sir HENRY JAMES, which, as we observed last week, seem somehow to have provoked Gladstonians excessively. But Mr. MORLEY could not find anything much more striking to remark than that "he could not conceive a worse Government than "one of Masters of Arts," and that for fifty years Radical cobblers have always been in the right and the University of Oxford always in the wrong. Running over the present Government hastily, we believe it to consist very largely of Masters of Arts, and certainly it is bad enough; but perhaps Mr. MORLEY did not mean this. And, as other persons of at least as great intellectual and moral competence as himself would simply reverse his second dictum, not much attention need be paid

to that. After this the House divided almost immediately, and the Government mainly composed of Masters of Arts must have experienced a very disagreeable shock at finding its majority down to fourteen, by which, and by which only, the Bill was read a second time.

At the evening sitting Sir WILFRID LAWSON launched one of those ponderous jests of his which seem funny to Radicals, by moving that when HER MAJESTY bestows a title, she shall be graciously pleased to state her reasons. Sir WILLIAM anti-fooled Sir WILFRID'S fooling, and the motion was rejected by 52 to 34. Bimetallism followed, and a count at 10.25. So the House was more fortunate than SOUTHEY, who deplores somewhere that he "had to sit up late drinking with Sir "WILFRID LAWSON." To sit up late joking with the present Sir WILFRID might be a yet drearier doom.

Lords. The House of Lords was occupied for some time on *Monday* with a Navy debate which, as had been previously announced would be the case, was raised by Lord HOOD of AVALON. Lord SPENCER'S reply, as had been also anticipated, declined to unfold more of the Government plan than had already been published; but assured the House of a progressive and concerted scheme for meeting the future as well as the past increase of foreign navies, and promised in particular that at last no time should be lost with the works at Gibraltar.

Commons. The Commons, after some preliminary

conversation about the Unyoro news (called "serious" by Mr. LABOUCHERE, in one of those moods which one never knows quite whether to describe as excessive foolishness or not very excellent fooling), passed to the Budget Bill, and debated it "seriously," in another and indubitable sense, for the whole evening. The attack was double-barrelled; the Estate duty and the Liquor duty (on which it was understood that very strong representations had been made to the anti-Parnellites by the Irish trade) suffering equally. Of the defence it is enough to say that the chief defender was Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE.

Lords. The most important incident in the House of Lords on *Tuesday* was not in the House itself, which had routine business only before it. But in Committee Lord SALISBURY took occasion mildly to

rebuke a rather loose expression of Lord SELBORNE's as to the Budget Bill, by pointing out that the House was not fettered except in regard to the actual taxation-clause.

Commons. In the Commons, after Mr. CYRIL DODD had, *à propos* of nothing, told what was, we suppose, meant to be a dreadful story about the "Oxford system" to be substituted for the Spinning-house plan at Cambridge, but which rather showed the efficiency of that system in preventing abuses, Sir EDWARD GREY confirmed, but with no details, the hoisting of the flag at Wadelai, and some information was given about a very bad cordite explosion at Waltham. The rest of the evening was once more given up to the Finance Bill, which was subjected to thorough and very unfavourable criticism by Mr. GOSCHEN and Mr. CHAPLIN. Nobody of importance defended it.

Several Private and Private Members' Bills shared Wednesday afternoon between them in the House of Commons. The County Council's General Powers Bill was postponed owing (immediately) to a disputed proposition as to the allotment of the cost of lighting workmen's dwellings. Then came on Mr. FARQUHARSON's Uniforms Bill, for stopping that decoration of sandwich-men and others of which Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, according to a rather silly practice of Ministers, judges, and other distinguished persons, affected ignorance. It was read a second time and referred to a Select Committee, being succeeded by a Bill for enabling outdoor relief to be given to members of Friendly Societies, which was also read a second time. Then came the Rating of Machinery Bill, which occasioned the first and only division of the day, and passed its stage by 211 to 120. Several minor measures "marked time" (for to talk about "progress" would be rather absurd) to a similar extent.

Lords. On Thursday the Lords adjourned for Whitsuntide, after doing the business before them.

Commons. In the Commons the University authorities of Oxford, through Sir JOHN MOWBRAY, their member, denied, and Mr. CYRIL DODD reaffirmed, the "awful story" above referred to, but the Cambridge Bill was passed by 145 to 112. The Budget debate was then resumed and carried to a division, after Mr. BALFOUR had exhaustively criticized and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT vaguely extolled the measure as a whole. The Government obtained what seems to be its normal majority of Fourteen, twelve more than Lord ROSEBURY thinks sufficient to justify him in going on. Sweet are the uses of contentment!

Committees. The dispute between the Town Council of St. Andrews and the Royal and Ancient Golf Club was settled before a Select Committee of the House of Commons yesterday week, the links to belong to the Council, but to be managed by the Club.

The Hackney Election. The Hackney Election, in theological phrase, may be said to have at once given the Government cause not to despair and not to presume. Mr. MOULTON saved the seat for them, but only by 192, polling actually less than Sir CHARLES RUSSELL; while Mr. ROBERTSON polled over 1,000 more than he did at the last election. But the effect on Ministerialists—some of whom raised a frantic cry of "No dissolution now, for Heaven's sake!"—was most like despair.

Politics out of Parliament. Yesterday week the Women's Liberal Unionist Association held its annual meeting. The topics discussed had far less of what they used to call a "hogo" than those in which the Gladstonian Federation had indulged, and even the most ex-

perienced grandmother might have been present without blushing. Mr. A. J. BALFOUR spoke, and took the opportunity to make some pretty sharp comments on Lord ROSEBURY's Manchester speeches.

The Women's Franchise League also held a meeting, the political weight of which may be imperfectly gauged by the fact that it was presided over by Mr. GRANT ALLEN. The meeting appeared to be less occupied with its nominal object than with invoking death and destruction on the House of Lords, which was very ungrateful, considering the existence of Peeresses in their own right.

On Sunday an Eight Hour demonstration was held in Hyde Park, and addressed by, among others, Mr. JOHN BURNS. He spoke with that hectoring assertion which has deceived some guileless persons into mistaking it for bluff straightforwardness.

The Women's Liberal National Association met on Tuesday, but provided much less interesting matter for "the new woman"—as we believe she calls herself—than the Federation last week. "The new woman's" "manners are perfect," we are informed by a high-priestess who should know, in the *North American Review*; but they must have been tried when she found that there was no contagious disease going, no Spinning-house, no "sex," no nothing, but only stupid politics. You might as well be a Liberal-Unionist or a Tory, you know!

On Wednesday the spirits of the Gladstonian party were kept up by an ingeniously arranged "reception" at the National Liberal Club to Lord ROSEBURY (with the Two Thousand in his pocket), Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, and other Ministers. It is needless to say that the speeches of the guests were "roses, roses all the way." The PRIME MINISTER announced his intention of going on, if it were only with a majority of two. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT declared that he had never been better in his life, and never more conscious of rectitude, &c. &c. Meanwhile, Mr. GOSCHEN, at York, was pulling to pieces, not merely the Budget, but the whole Government policy of cramming an impossible programme down the throat of Parliament with the mere object of having it rejected.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. The foreign news of this day week included more raptures from M. COCHERY on the admirable Admiralty which rules the waves on commission for Britannia, a speech of the "Retired Leisure" kind from Prince BISMARCK, one from the Prince's Italian imitator, as some say, Signor CRISPI, who is not retired, but battling in the floods, and other things of minor importance.

Monday's news included the opening of the Antwerp Exhibition, a scheme for making the "Dead Cities of the Zuyder Zee" more dead than ever by draining some half-million acres more of the Zee at a cost of between twenty and thirty millions, a new boundary arrangement between Italy and England in Africa, and a curious old-world letter, declaring Free-trade the panacea for all woes, from Mr. GLADSTONE to M. LÉON SAY. But the most important piece of news was that of the defeat of KABBA REGA in Unyoro, and the planting of the British flag at Wadelai. "Full steam ahead" is clearly the motto there.

On Tuesday morning it was announced that the Egyptian Government had at last decided to expend a very large sum (150,000*l.*) on a proper Museum at Ghizeh. There was a vexatious squabble over some land which native capitalists thought to have been assigned over their heads to a European Company. France was anticipating the joys of an Income-tax, and in the persons of her Chauvinists agreeing with Mr. LABOUCHERE that the Unyoro news was very "serious." Certain Austrian cave-explorers, in whose fate—for they had been shut up in the cave—interest had been felt for some week past, had been liberated

in pretty good condition; and there were more Greek earthquakes. The miners' strike in the United States was spreading, dynamite being employed to dismantle the pits, and there was a Democratic scheme for making the new Tariff something like old MCKINLEY writ a little small.

There was little foreign news on Wednesday morning. Nothing of importance had happened, and the telegrams were only filled with rumours, anticipations, and gossip.

On Thursday the prophets of Indian Mutiny were gratified by the fact that there had been some discontent in the 17th Bengal Infantry at Agra, though not on their day. We comment at length on this matter elsewhere. The everlasting local squabbles of Newfoundland, the blowing up with dynamite of an inn at Algiers (it was supposed, by Anarchists), strike riots in Austria (where many miners were killed at their now favourite game of wrecking pits), and an exceedingly frank statement by the United States Secretary of State, that the American share in the government of Samoa has been productive of nothing but nuisance and expense, were the chief other items. Eight German editors had been sentenced to different terms of imprisonment for insulting the majesty of the police.

The throwing out of the Hungarian Civil Marriage Bill by the House of Magnates, and the settlement of the Egyptian land dispute were the main items of yesterday's news.

The British East Africa Company. On Tuesday last the British East Africa Company met and solemnly "withdrew" its offer of last year to the Government. We do not know who is the guiding spirit of this Company; but, whoever he is, he has a most unlucky way of doing things. To withdraw an offer of which not the slightest notice has ever been taken is, at best, a piece of "sulks." But, in present circumstances, it has the additionally unfortunate effect of suggesting that the Company has an idea that the definite occupation of Uganda and the advance to the Nile increase the value of its own coast property, and is disposed to stand out for higher terms accordingly. Thus the old fatal appearance of patriotic adventure one day and eye-to-the-main-chance the next is maintained. A well-wisher to the Company can only implore it, if it is not too late, to decide which position it takes up, and to stick to that.

Meetings and Dinners. The first place among May meetings this day week belongs, of course, to the Academy dinner, at which the President, with his usual felicity, played seven men's parts in proposing the different toasts. They were answered by the PRINCE OF WALES, the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, Lord SPENCER, Lord ROSEBURY (who was concerned, and not unjustly so, for modern costume and field advertising), Mr. LANG (who usefully drove home the most serious complaint of the day, that education is killing literature), Sir ROBERT BALL and the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH. Meanwhile, the Duke of YORK was presiding at the dinner of the Children's Hospital, and the LORD MAYOR earlier in the day had opened the Industrial Exhibition at Earl's Court.

On Monday the PRINCE OF WALES opened the Church of England Soldiers' Institute at Woolwich, and a large meeting was held and addressed by the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, the Bishop of LONDON, Lord SALISBURY, and others for the purpose of raising a sustentation fund to indemnify King's College, London, for the threatened withdrawal of the Government grant to please the Nonconformists.

On Tuesday the Duke of YORK presided at a meeting of the Palestine Exploration Fund; and at a dinner given by the Corporation Library Committee Mr. LEWIS MORRIS said that "it seemed to him there never had been a time when poetry was so fruitful."

Indeed, it is but a few days ago that we had the pleasure of reviewing a book of verse by Mr. LEWIS MORRIS.

The Duke of YORK presided at the dinner of the Railway Benevolent Institution on Wednesday, and the Stationers gave a feast, at which the Master and the Archbishop of CANTERBURY indulged in comparisons of the relations of their respective predecessors and themselves. The ARCHBISHOP also made a pleasant little reference to the recent Parish Councils Bill round-robin to him, sixty-six of the signatories whereto, it seems, were curates who had been ordained since January 1891. Dr. BENSON "did not remember that," as a curate of three years standing, he had felt himself "entitled to advise his archbishop." But that was in old days—almost as old as the days when ARISTOTLE (quoted by HECTOR) thought young men "unfit to teach moral philosophy." Now, we all adore youth, and (with a very nice feeling) it approves us by adoring itself.

The S. P. G. held its meeting on Thursday.

The Law Courts. Yesterday week the Trinidad case ended, "if end it can be called where end was none," with a verdict for the defendant, and judgment entered for the plaintiff; and the long record of legal proceedings connected with the AILESBUURY family was enriched by a judicial order for a deed to be handed over to DOROTHY, Lady AILESBUURY. The Anarchist trial ended with a verdict of Guilty on POLTI. FARNARA had, it will be remembered, already pleaded in the same sense. He was sentenced to twenty and POLTI to ten years penal servitude.

On Monday Mr. Justice WILLIAMS, dealing with the affairs of the New Zealand Loan and Mercantile Agency Company once more, while repeating his compliments on the manner in which evidence had been given, made very severe comments (which he oddly qualified by declaring that they were not "blame") on the conduct of the directorate, dwelling especially on that of Mr. MUNDELLA. At the North London Police Court some very odd revelations were made about a certain "Wilson Institute," which, in cases of dipsomania on the part of the husband, sends young men to the house to "take care of" the wife.

As Sir PETER EDLIN is not given to philanthropist fads, it may be presumed that there was reason for his allotting the position of a second-class misdemeanant to an amiable matchgirl, who (being apparently unlike her wares, and prone to strike elsewhere than on the box) had scratched the face of another for refusing to join the strikers. In Ireland the strange case of alleged card-sharpping at Cork has been in hearing.

Miscellaneous. The U.S. man-of-war *Chicago*, commanded by Captain MAHAN, the most distinguished, perhaps, of living naval historians and critics, having arrived in the Thames, a movement has been started to entertain Captain MAHAN, with his Admiral, of course, and his officers.

Racing. The valuable Royal Two-Year-Old Plate at Kempton Park, yesterday week, fell to Mr. COX's Choice, a rank outsider, who won with the greatest ease.

On Saturday the still more valuable Great Jubilee Stakes brought out a field of a score. The most interesting horse in, perhaps, was Mr. BLAKE's Delphos, but his weight was very heavy for a three-year-old, and he was nowhere near winning. Nor was Siffleuse, who had been made favourite, the race falling to Sir W. THROCKMORTON's Avington, who won easily, while Prisoner and El Diablo fought very hard for second and third places.

On the first day of the Newmarket First Spring Meeting, the opening race—the Two Thousand Guineas Trial Plate—had, perhaps, most attraction. It fell to

General OWEN WILLIAMS'S Pensioner, who won very well with the top weight on him.

Although one or two other horses were fancied, almost the entire interest of the Two Thousand, on Wednesday, lay between Ladas and Matchbox, who made a very fine race of it, Lord ROSEBURY'S colt winning by a length and a half, but with what ease doctors differed.

On Thursday nothing but the March Stakes attracted attention, and this, reduced to a match, was a certainty for the Duke of WESTMINSTER'S Grey Leg.

Cricket. There was some fair bowling in the Freshmen's matches at both Universities last week, Mr. BARDSWELL at Oxford and Mr. CROCKER at Cambridge both doing promising things with the ball.

The first County match of the year—Notts v. Warwickshire—finished this day week with a good win (six wickets) for the less famous team, which thus justified its "first class." The business was chiefly done by Mr. HILL—139, not out—in the first innings of Warwickshire.

On Wednesday Warwickshire achieved their second victory, beating Surrey by seven wickets, thanks to the batting of WILLIAM QUAFE and the bowling of WHITEHEAD. There was mighty scoring, but not much bowling, in the Cambridge Seniors' match, Mr. CRABTREE'S 169 being the best.

Neither of the University matches could be finished owing to the bad weather of Wednesday afternoon. The two Elevens at Cambridge, before stumps were drawn, had compiled more than twelve hundred runs between them.

Sports. BUBEAR won another good professional sculling race on Monday against EMMET.

Correspondence. On Tuesday morning Sir ALFRED LYALL dealt with the latest Indian-mutiny scare, and Sir W. H. FLOWER with that perennial and most destructive delusion that a kingfisher's nest is worth money, comparing it to the "tortoiseshell-tom-cat" mania, and mentioning an interesting novelty—a Government prize for a complete cigar ash.

Obituary. Admiral EDWARD HARDINGE had done brilliant service with the Naval Brigade in the Crimea and good work afloat.—Wednesday's obituary contained the names of Miss ALICE KING, a lady who, despite the terrible disadvantage of blindness, had produced many novels of merit; of Miss JULIA GAYLORD, a well-known singer in English opera, whose voice failed her unusually early; of M. CHARLES JACQUE, the French animal-painter; and of Mr. ROBERT HESKETH, of Gwrych Castle, the representative of a very old family of landowners in Lancashire, Cheshire, and Wales.—Dr. BRUCE, whose death at the age of eighty-seven was recorded in Thursday's papers, had served all through the first Afghan war, though he was fortunate enough not to be at Cabul at the fatal time.—Dr. SMYTHIES, Bishop of Zanzibar, adds another to the long list of victims of the Universities Mission to Central Africa.

MANGOES AND MUTINIES.

WE do not know how far the authors of a certain scare last week as to the imminence of a new Indian Mutiny, and its indication by certain mysterious smearings of mango-trees, will claim the news from Bombay which appeared in the *Times* of Thursday as a fulfilment of their forebodings. They are at best entitled to something like the crown for erroneous omniscience which was earned by THACKERAY'S Jesuit

Father. For the untoward event among the 17th Bengal Infantry at Agra did not occur on the day predestined, but two or three days earlier; and it would be difficult, if not impossible, in any way to connect it with the alleged tree-smearings in Behar. At the time at which we write nothing definite or detailed is known about the circumstances of the disaffection; but the particulars first given are not ill suited to cause uneasiness. No caste dispute is ever to be neglected; and in an army such as that of India, drafts from one regiment into another, especially when accompanied by what is thought an unfair amount of promotion to the newcomers, are certain to cause dissatisfaction. It may, however, be taken for granted that, even if some thoughtlessness had given cause or excuse for the insubordination (it is scarcely more than technical "mutiny" which is described), old experience as well as common sense will have long before we write told the authorities what to do. The causes of the great Mutiny were mainly, if not wholly, three—neglect of religious, racial, and other sensibilities; neglect of the signs of disaffection and discontent arising from this other neglect; and, above all, the most incomprehensible slackness in punishing the first actual mutiny when it came. If the 17th really has a grievance, by all means let that grievance be at once redressed. But if any man of the 17th has passed the limits of excusable grumbling, and becomes actually mutinous, let him suffer the utmost rigour, with the utmost speed, of martial law.

The scare itself has, like other evil things, brought good in the shape of the excellent letter of Sir ALFRED LYALL last Tuesday. Sir ALFRED, than whom no better or acuter civil judge of matters Indian exists (and whose view has since been endorsed by the greatest military authority, Lord ROBERTS), not only pointed out the great exaggeration as to the spread of the practice of mango-smearing, but (as most authorities, with the exception of Colonel MALLESON, have done) indicated very large alternatives of interpretation, and perhaps did most service of all by traversing the comparison with the famous "cakes" in 1857. It is but too true—and nobody since the publication of Mr. FORREST'S selection from the Indian records has any excuse for being ignorant of it—that the great Mutiny was assisted and made inevitable by the most astounding supineness and want of attention to clear signs on the part of the English authorities and residents. But it has never been certain that the "cake" incident was one of these signs; and some of the very best authorities have always, like Sir ALFRED, been of opinion that it had absolutely nothing to do with the matter.

This, however, is not the point on which we wish at present to insist, and nothing is further from our intention than to cry "Peace" where there is no peace. On the contrary, the great danger of these sudden scares is the inevitable folding of the hands to sleep on the part of the British public which follows. And the hands of the public ought not to be folded to sleep. For years past every wideawake person who has been in India, or has maintained communication with those who are in India and are wideawake themselves, has known that a new mutiny or outbreak of some kind is a very possible, and not at all an improbable, thing. There was no more reason for expecting it last Thursday than there has been any Thursday or any other day for weeks and months and years; but there was also no less reason. And certainly no one knows this better than the authorities in India themselves. It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that every soldier and civil servant knows—it is not in the least an exaggeration to say that every soldier and civil servant ought to know—his place and his duty in the case of an outbreak. In the same way unofficial residents know or ought to know where to retire for protection.

Although it stretches the throats of our Radical shriekers to an extra shriek when their ears hear it, "we hold India by the sword"; and he who holds by the sword deserves to lose his holding if he takes his hand from the sword-hilt. In some ways, no doubt, things have enormously improved since the actual Mutiny. The garrison is far stronger, infinitely better arranged, well provided with those means of inter-communication and concentration the absence of which was the great weapon in the hand of the old mutineers. There is little or none of the insane over-confidence in the fidelity of their men in which the old "Company's" officers too often indulged, and for which they too often paid with their lives. On the other hand, our possible foes are not relatively more formidable than they were, if they are even anything like so formidable, and the ill feeling between Hindoo and Mahomedan, which is our greatest safeguard, is stronger than ever. Yet we must not blink the fact that some good authorities have questioned whether our way of meeting the results of this ill feeling has been wise, or whether we have not offended both parties alike. And we fear that there is some reason to believe that Indian public opinion has been more bitterly excited against us by what is regarded as the selfish and unjust encouragement given to Lancashire manufactures than by any other act of our rule. We know—and all sensible and well-informed Englishmen should know—that we shall never be loved in India, and all that we have to do is, while giving no cause to hate us, to make ourselves incessantly feared. We believe that we can keep the mutiny off by care indefinitely; and we hope that, even if it came, we should get the better of it as thoroughly as, and with more ease than, we did before. But it stands at our gate day and night, and we must keep the gate guarded against it.

Unfortunately, as all know, there is a party, and a strong party, in England which clamours for leaving that gate unguarded, for throwing it open, for giving every possible invitation and provocation to the foe to enter. The members of this party grumble when means are taken to make the Indian garrison stronger and more efficient. They strive for a greater and greater infusion of worse and worse selected natives in the responsible posts of the Indian Government. On pleas of idle philanthropy, they meddle with native customs, and would fain charge the overburdened revenues of India itself with the expense of the meddling. They encourage native movements and gatherings which can hardly by any possibility do good, and which may be the focus and hatching-ground of tremendous harm. They try to break down the wall of partition which separates the Englishman as the superior from the native as the inferior—the only wall of partition which can ever long enable the few to dominate the many. Although the permanent Government of India, with rare and deplorable exceptions, does what it can to foil the shameful complaisance of Home Governments to the madness of these mischievous busybodies, not a little of their attempted mischief is being, and has been, done. And if that Mutiny—which, as we have said, every one who cared to know has long ago known to be always with us as a possibility—should at any time turn out to be a fact, its blood will, if not wholly, yet in great part, be on their heads. If, therefore, the British public is really stirred by a cry, whether ignorant or speculative, of "Wolf!" let it take the best means of keeping that wolf from the door. And of such best means there are two only—to hold the sword always sharp and ready, the loins always girt, the lamp always lit in India; and to set the face as flint against faddists in England.

BY A MAJORITY OF FOURTEEN.

THE career of the Government throughout their whole term of office has been a well-nigh continuous record of disaster. But they have never before been stricken with two such heavy blows in such quick succession as those which fell upon them on the Friday of last week and the Monday following, to be followed once more by the magnificent majority of Fourteen on Thursday. And the very difference in character between the two strokes of ill fortune is calculated to add immensely to their dispiriting effect. An alarming decline in a Parliamentary majority is bad enough, but when it is followed by an absolutely appalling increase of electoral opponents outside, disquietude may easily grow into panic. The 1,045 Hackney electors who have swelled the Unionist poll since the contest of 1892 have arrived on the field with all the effect of a cavalry charge upon an army which has already begun to give ground. It has temporarily converted the retreat into something like a rout, and at the moment of writing these lines even the buglers of the demoralized Ministerialists can hardly muster up spirit to sound a rally. No doubt they may have somewhat recovered—especially under the cheering influence of the Fourteen—by the end of the week; but they can never again be the gay and light-hearted party that they once were. Indeed, even if there had been no Budget debate in question or in prospect, it is doubtful whether they would ever have quite got over the shaking that they received in the division on the second reading of the Registration Bill. For it is, look you, their one real measure of the Session, the only Bill they hoped to carry, the only Bill that—as they fondly thought—united their followers, the only one which there seemed any hope that their jealous and wrangling factions could be got to agree upon, and to co-operate in pushing forward. And it is not as if their wretched victory by fourteen (a number which seems to be fated to them) could be explained away as accidental, or even estimated as partly the result of accident. If accident had any share at all in reducing the number of the Ayes to its exact point of depression, that share could only have been infinitesimal. The speeches of their Radical supporters were almost more ominous than the figures of the division, and showed in little what the poll at Hackney showed in large—that the great democratic Registration Bill has failed to excite the slightest enthusiasm among the democratic party. And the great democratic Registration Bill having thus miserably disappointed them, they are left alone with the Ingenious Budget and the majority of Fourteen.

Of which Ingenious Budget what more have we to say than we said on the morrow of its introduction, and when its ingenuity was in all men's mouths? We did not conceal our opinion that its dexterities were not worked in a good "wearing" material, and that, after a little closer examination, they would prove to have been the offspring of that particular excess of talent whose possessors are known as "too clever by half." The form which this extra fifty per cent. of superfluous adroitness has taken in the present instance is not difficult to explain. It has been said that there are only two ways of entering a crowded omnibus. One is for the new-comer to plant his foot courteously, but firmly, on that of the passenger nearest the door, and to make it his exclusive *point d'appui* and base of future operations. The other is to step lightly and with as close an imitation of the movements of CAMILLA as his weight will allow, from foot to foot, along the two rows of passengers until the desired place is reached. The former is the simpler, the latter the more "ingenious" method, and the traveller's selection of one or the other will depend upon whether he prefers to face the concentrated animosity of

an individual or the diffused displeasure of a whole party. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER's choice is of the latter kind. He has deemed it wisest not to bear with crushing force on any single victim, but to distribute his weight over the toes of many; and he is by this time probably beginning to regret his preference. The landowner, the brewer, the distiller, and the Income-tax payer have all felt the weight of his foot, and they have united to make him feel the weight of their displeasure. As for those whom he happens to have spared, it is as idle for him to expect any backing from them as it would be for the ingenious traveller to look for the moral support of his "emptied" fellow-passengers in the omnibus. His Budget has made him a host of enemies but no friends—unless it be the incomparable Mr. EVERETT. That unique "yeoman" was moved, it is true, to declare himself to be "in a congratulatory mood" as he surveyed the provisions of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's financial scheme. But since his congratulations seem to have been inspired by the fact that land will have to be freely sold in order to meet the increased burden on its devolution, and that this will tend to the excellent result "of breaking up large estates," Mr. EVERETT's complacency can only be shared by those who would approve of the closely analogous financial policy of taxing an industry out of existence.

As to the increased Beer and Spirit duties, they have provoked the most formidable part of the opposition which the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER has to face. The Irish representatives of one of the threatened interests may have failed for the moment to accomplish the purpose with which, like the "Mœnads" of THÉROIGNE DE MÉRICOURT, they so dramatically broke in the other day upon the deliberations of the party assembled in Committee Room No. 15; but a movement which does not avail to defeat a Budget Bill on the second reading may easily be strong enough to wreck it in Committee. Nor is the English uprising against the Beer duty to be much less feared. It seems to be imagined, strangely enough, by the Ministerialist defenders of this impost that they make an effective point against its opponents by twitting them with their conflicting theories as to its incidence. They are told that they must make up their minds whether the increased duty will be borne by the brewers, or by the farmers in the shape of a diminished demand for malt, or by the consumer in the form of a deterioration in the quality of his beer. These critics have apparently failed to perceive that the very difficulty of this suggested process of making up the mind must necessarily operate to the disadvantage of the Government. The uncertainty, so far as it exists, as to which of three interests would be adversely affected by the increased tax, will have the effect of arraying three hostile forces against the Budget instead of one. If the brewer, the farmer, and the consumer each regards himself as the predestined victim of the new tax, it follows that brewers, farmers, and consumers will all vote against it, and the satirical Ministerialist will be left to solace himself with the somewhat barren satisfaction of pointing out to them that two out of the three are in reality merely the victims of an economical error.

But perhaps the most melancholy proof of the failure of the Ingenious Budget is to be found in the attempt of its crestfallen author and supporters to minimize its importance. The democracy, having declined to hail the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER with enthusiasm, as the daring democratic genius who first introduced the great principle of graduated taxation into our finance, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has evidently come to the conclusion that he had better make as little of it as possible. There is no use in serving the God of Socialism for naught,

and doing revolutionary work without the revolutionist's wage in the way of popular applause. Hence the Government have definitely withdrawn within the lines of the contention which the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER merely hedgingly threw out on the first night of the debate, and they are now labouring to show that the Budget is a mere humble following in the footsteps of Mr. GOSCHEN. Their argumentative straits, however, must be indeed severe when we find them going the preposterous length of the proposition that the principle of graduated taxation was conceded in the re-adjustment of the Death duties which was effected in the Budget of 1889. Mr. GOSCHEN, of course, had no difficulty in demonstrating that, in fixing the amount of the new "Estate duty" created in that year, he was simply applying a principle which for good or evil had for years past been recognized in our fiscal system. Indeed, it must be perfectly obvious to any one who considers the matter with any intelligence and fairness, that if the Budget of 1889 really established the precedent of graduating Death duties, we have had a graduated Income-tax actually in existence for the whole time during which that tax has been, for certain classes of persons liable to it, remitted by exemptions or mitigated by abatements. But the patent absurdity of these Ministerial allegations is, in fact, the measure of the significance. Ministers would not adopt a line of defence at once so controversially desperate and so politically timid if they had not utterly lost faith in their own financial scheme. It has, in truth, failed dismally all round. Alike as a manifesto of principle and as a bribe to the pocket, it has been received by those to whom it addressed itself with an indifference bordering on contempt, and a majority bordering on minority.

SHAKSPEARE IN AMERICA.

THE wrong sort of Americans, who commonly call themselves "good Americans," seem to have a quarrel with WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE. The true reason, if unconsciously entertained, is probably no other than that SHAKSPEARE had the bad taste to be no American himself. COLUMBUS has suffered much for the same reason. What right had a Genoese to discover America? Let us maintain that he did not discover it at all. In the same spirit it is Americans—of the wrong sort, we repeat—who have blundered into the monstrous mare's-nest about BACON, and who allege that SHAKSPEARE did not write SHAKSPEARE'S plays. BACON apart, a wiseacre in the *Pall Mall Magazine* preaches on this old text with an extraordinary ignorance. Nobody thought of writing SHAKSPEARE'S biography when he was alive. No; and nobody thought of publishing "an interview" with him. He contributed to no weekly paper. He was not cross-examined on his views about his Art. His portrait was not in the newspapers. He never dined with the Royal Academy. He did not lecture in Albemarle Street. An inability to understand that authors were neither dogged by biographers and penny-a-liners nor lionized in the Royal circle under ELIZABETH marks the critic of the *Pall Mall Magazine*; his initials are W. W. A. Our social conditions were not those of SHAKSPEARE; he was not pestered for his autograph; thus it is undeniably scarce. Playwrights were playwrights then, and cabotins were cabotins, and copyright was almost as vague as in certain modern countries. Consequently a crowd of these absurd objections, as they apply to other contemporary dramatic authors, are of no more avail than the rest of the refuted attempts at argument.

This inability to understand that circumstances alter, and that a man must be taken with his environ-

ment, marks another American sage who outdoes Mr. HOWELLS in his own province. "SHAKESPEARE is not 'the right poet for a democratic people to take to 'their heart of hearts,'" writes a philosopher in a Boston paper. Very well, O democratic people: they were good poets, the best, that is all; but if you want poems about people like yourselves, with nothing about other people, you must even "raise" these poets. "Feudalism, with its pomp and blood and scorn of the 'people, has scarcely anything in common with our 'superb experiment of Democracy on a gigantic 'scale here in America." JACK CADE has a good deal in common with Coxeyites, we venture to surmise; but why does not the superb experiment produce its own superb poets? Other stages of society, from heroic monarchy in Greece down to VICTOR HUGO, let us say, at all events, begat superb poets. Their conspicuous absence from the superb experiment may suggest matter of thought to the cultured Bostonian critic. As for "the people," look at "the people" in SHAKESPEARE? Are they less witty, less instructed, less humorous, less happy, which is the main thing, than under the stress of the superb experiment? Manifestly they are kinder, gentler, wiser, more humorous, infinitely better informed, beyond all doubt much happier, in SHAKESPEARE than on the "colossal 'scale." If SHAKESPEARE spoke sooth, what becomes of the experiment? His ostlers, his peasants, his village drunkard, like CHRISTOPHER SLY, are the best of company to all men of all ranks. Few are his pessimists who never joyed after the price of oats rose. QUINCE and BOTTOM are mates for a king. But if SHAKESPEARE did not speak sooth, but flattered the people, why, then, a Democratic people ought to take him to their heart of hearts, for he gives them just what they enjoy. "His atmosphere, his sociology, are foreign to our ideals 'here in America." He never breathed the fumes of an elevated railway nor the glorious air of a New York "tenement house." Clearly, he will never do, and a superb experiment must rear its own superb dramatists. "Psychology, philosophy, beauty," he is admitted to possess, but his atmosphere is all wrong, and SHAKESPEARE will never do; or the other man who wrote the plays will never do.

THE UNIFORMS BILL.

IT was curious to see how careful everybody was to avoid the Salvation Army in the course of the debate on Mr. FARQUHARSON'S "Uniform Bill" last Wednesday. Perhaps they all thought it was covered by the clauses which protect the use of the uniform in theatrical performances. If not, we are afraid there would be difficulties in the way of enforcing the law against Mr. BOOTH'S circus. His employ  s wear, indeed, a dress of their own, as a rule, but troops of them are to be met about in full military uniforms in the pursuit of their usual buffooneries. It may be taken for granted that they would not fail to seize the opportunity which the Act would afford them of figuring in their favourite parts of Saint LAURENCE on a cold gridiron and Saint SEBASTIAN riddled with paper arrows. Nor, as things go, would they fail to find another Solicitor-General to tell them that they must break the law if they wish to have their wrongs redressed. On Wednesday they were overlooked even by Mr. BENNETT, who had serious thoughts of moving the rejection of the Bill, as one more encroachment on the liberty of the subject.

Our own respect for the liberty of the subject to be an offensive buffoon is of the slightest. To adapt a phrase of Sir JAMES STEPHEN'S, we think that Freedom is much better employed in spouting on a mountain than in protecting indecent foolery in the streets. Her mighty voice had better be silent

than so employed. The spectacle of sandwich-men and other distributors of advertisements in naval and military uniforms is disgusting, and it would be well to put a stop to it. At the same time, we do not think the thing would be so easy to do as Mr. FARQUHARSON seems to think, and he has certainly complicated his own Bill by adding clauses forbidding the use of colourable imitations of naval or military uniforms. What is a colourable imitation of military or naval dress? The description would apply to the rig of German bands, or even to the very respectable attire of masters, mates, and apprentices in the merchant service. It takes some familiarity with the details to distinguish at once between the lads from the *Worcester* training-ship for the merchant service and the young gentlemen from the *Britannia*. Then the British small boy, and also small girl, is very often got up in a very exact reproduction of the blue-jacket's dress. They would have to be excepted from the Act. Again, if THOMAS ATKINS is allowed to sell his old uniforms instead of returning them into store, it is plain that the use of them cannot be forbidden, otherwise we should take away with one hand what has been given with the other. If they are returned the Treasury will expect something to be done with them. The old practice of exporting them for use by negro monarchs on the Congo is almost as gross a degradation of the QUEEN'S uniform as could well be imagined.

The old complaint that the QUEEN'S uniform, even when it is worn by her soldiers, is not properly respected was repeated on Wednesday. It is one with which we have every sympathy; but we have little confidence that any Act of Parliament could remove its cause. The objection is not to the uniform, but to the wearer, and is an inheritance from times when the soldier was habitually spoken of as a drunken black-guard by his own most famous leaders, and when a certain tipsy rowdiness was cultivated as becoming the military character. A prejudice which is dying out, but still lingers on, was established against the soldier, and nothing is more difficult to remove than a feeling of this kind. Another complaint with which we have much less sympathy was also repeated in the course of the debate. It was said that officers do not wear their uniform sufficiently, and that their reluctance is taken as a sign that they are ashamed of it. With all due respect to the mother of Parliaments, this is no better than nonsense. Officers go in plain clothes to many places partly because they do respect their uniform. Can anybody think that the uniform of HER MAJESTY'S Guards would be in its proper place at a music-hall on the back of an officer? Most of us think not, and yet gentlemen are not to be forbidden to relax themselves in those palaces of delectable amusement. Again, the human mind revolts at the notion of a captain of Hussars in uniform with an umbrella up—and the regulations forbid the outrage. But are officers who wish to drop in at the "Rag and Mar-linspike," or to visit their friends, to be subjected to the risk of becoming wet and muddy without protection? The question of expense, too, must be considered. The Bill which Messrs. KNOPF and STECKNADEL sent in for the uniforms of Lieutenant WELLESLEY PONTO, of the 120th Queen's Own Pyebald Hussars, is only a legitimate exaggeration. Many officers have to go to church with over a hundred pounds' worth of tailoring and gold lace about them. Even a comparatively rich man does not like to put all that in case to be spoiled by rain—and that is why the regiment often stays away from church. Undress uniforms are still much dearer than plain clothes, and, as to campaigning dress, can one conceive of an officer and a gentleman walking into a drawing-room in a

Norfolk jacket, knickerbockers, and patties, or to church, or to a theatre, or to his clubs? The uniform is for parade or work, and the plain clothes for those times when an officer is a gentleman with other gentlemen.

NO CHURCHMEN NEED APPLY.

IT is to be hoped that even in these times, when few people are overburdened with money, at least sufficient attention will be paid by those who have still something to spare to the meeting which was held, last Monday, in reference to King's College, London. As may be vaguely known, a certain sum is allotted every year by Government in subvention of the modern and, comparatively speaking, unendowed "University Colleges" of England. Of this the share of King's College has hitherto been some seventeen hundred a year, and there is talk of doubling the whole vote. There is, and could be, no question of the sufficiency of the education by which this grant is earned. But, as our readers may remember, on a deputation approaching him some time ago, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT took occasion (rather going out of his way to do so) to inform the representatives of King's College that *they* need expect not only no increase, but nothing more, because they were a "denominational" institution. The meeting of Monday was called to devise ways and means to make up the deficiency, which is all the more important that the funds of the College are at a low ebb, and the staff have been heavily excised as it is. It is now admitted on all hands that higher education cannot possibly be self-supporting, and, in one way or other, requires endowment.

We hope, we say, that that endowment will be supplied; but we hope, also, that the necessity for its supply will open a few more eyes to the impudent injustice of the course to which the Nonconformist supporters of the present Government are urging Ministers—their creatures. The defenders of the refusal of the grant have had the audacity to speak of that grant as "payment through the QUEEN's taxes for 'the spread of Lord SALISBURY's religious doctrines.'" Only the late Mr. BRIGHT in recent times has been allowed the use of the fitting word for such a statement as this. Not a penny of the grant is earned by, and not a penny of the grant is spent upon, the spread of any doctrines whatever. That grant is (or was) earned by, and many times its amount was spent upon, the same purely secular subjects which earned and earn it in other institutions. No attendance on lectures or studies of the theological kind is forced upon the students of the literary and scientific departments. They need not even, we believe, obtain a formal exemption from going to chapel. The sole crime of the College is that it provides "sound religion" as well as "useful learning," and does not banish the former in order to obtain permission to teach the latter. It is because, in addition to the secular course, which can be taken solely by itself, and to which the grant provides a small but utterly inadequate rate-in-aid, this College professes the principles of the National Church, and will teach them to those who desire to be taught, that it is refused subvention from the nation's money. If the faint and colourable argument that, with certain exceptions, Professors must be members of that National Church is insisted on, it might be retorted that the amount of the grant, and much more, is absorbed by the payments to those professors into whose opinions there is no inquiry, and by the up-keep of the institution generally, exclusive of salaries. But, as we have seen, the enemy does not urge this. It is because the doctrines of the hated National Church are taught, though taught with an absolute regard

to religious equality, that the College is to go without its share of the national money. Lord SALISBURY called this despotism; but we rather grudge that word. Despotism is—at any rate, generally—straightforward, and not pettifogging. It indulges in honest persecution or extortion, not in dirty purse-cutting. And we should hope that there must be more than one member even of this Government who, if he can bring himself to look into the details of this particular price which he pays for the Nonconformist vote, will adapt the cry of a famous actor, and exclaim "Good Heavens! what it is to be a Minister!"

THE WALTHAM ABBEY EXPLOSIONS.

FOUR explosions within a few months are more than ought to be allowed to any factory. We know that accidents so-called have a way of repeating themselves when the nerve of men engaged in handling dangerous substances has been shaken, or their sense has in some way been disturbed. But they do not keep on occurring unless there is some cause of this kind to account for them. As there have been no less than four since the beginning of this year in the Government Factory of Explosives at Waltham Abbey, the conclusion that there must be mismanagement in that establishment cannot but be drawn even by those who are least inclined to join in a frivolous outcry against the War Office officials. To be sure there is another conceivable explanation—namely, that the Factory is engaged in handling some material so dangerous that these disasters cannot be avoided—or are at least exceptionally likely to happen. Hints to the effect that cordite, which the Mill is now manufacturing, is such a substance may be heard in some quarters. Those who remember that cordite has been the subject of a spirited inventors' quarrel, in which various amateurs have taken a hand, would, however, receive this explanation with reserve in any case. When they learn further that one of the explosions occurred in the handling of gunpowder, they will be the more disposed to doubt whether the intrinsic vice of cordite is responsible for what may well be accounted for in quite another way.

The answers given to Mr. ROWLANDS and Mr. HANBURY in the House of Commons on Tuesday by Mr. WOODALL leave us with the impression that these accidents—or, at any rate, their equivalents—might very well have happened if cordite had never been heard of. One, it seems, "was caused by a wholly irregular and unauthorized experiment, and the only person seriously injured was the man who on his own responsibility was making the experiment." We gather from this extraordinary explanation that it is possible for a man acting on his own responsibility to take dangerous substances, which he presumably finds lying about in a Government factory, put them together in speculative combinations, and wait to see what happens. Under the stimulus which such encouragement as this will naturally afford to the production of "accidents," it is no matter for surprise that "serious and destructive explosions" take place, "wrecking the washing house and nitro-glycerine stores at the cordite factory, and causing the deaths of the chemist in charge, two foremen, and one other man, who were following their employment at the time." Our only wonder is that the figure should be no more than four. What the Government officials expected would happen, when they allowed such careless management to become established, we do not know. As it is also alleged that "chemist," in official language, means foreman, and that one of the four accidents was due to the slovenly accumulation of dangerous refuse, the real explanation of these disasters becomes obvious.

The further Mr. WOODALL went with his official explanations, the worse he made the case look for the management of Waltham Abbey. In answer to the question whether Government factories are not free from the "strict rules and regulations" imposed by the Home Office on private mills, he said that they (the Government factories) "are exempt from the ordinary law, but in the main they are carried on with a degree of strictness which has insured for them, until very recently, a remarkable immunity from accident." From this we may surely venture to draw the deduction that the same strictness has not been shown at Waltham, or else it would have afforded the same immunity. The cause and the remedy for this laxity will doubtless receive the attention of Government. It will not want for advisers, who will urge on it the absolute necessity for the appointment of a real "chemist" at the head of the factory. We have a very limited faith in the virtue of this favourite modern panacea for all evils, the creation of a new place "with a pinson." It does not require a chemist to stop wholly irregular and unauthorized experiments with Government stores or to enforce the clearing out of refuse tanks at proper intervals. Bad management of this character can be stopped by a good code of rules which are thoroughly enforced as matters of discipline by any officer. On the showing of Mr. WOODALL himself, it is clear that what Waltham Abbey has suffered from is not want of chemical knowledge, but mere laxity of control. Nothing is more easily remedied if the proper means are taken—and they do not at all necessarily include the creation of fresh offices. Mr. THOMSON, the Manager, has, in fact, written to the *Times* to point out that, as far as the chemical qualifications of the actual staff go, they are ample. He and the other members of the staff have all been regularly trained, and have even gone through special courses of instruction "in the processes and tests involved in the manufacture of explosives." It is not want of knowledge what to do, but some other thing, which accounts for the Waltham Abbey explosions.

MINISTERS AT THE NATIONAL LIBERAL CLUB.

A MANFUL struggle against depression is always a sight to be contemplated with respectful sympathy; but, as we watch the efforts of the Ministerialists to cheer each other up, we must admit that that generous emotion is run rather hard by amusement. For, surely of all the curious expedients by which a political party could endeavour to revive its drooping spirits, the most grotesque is that of engaging a Prime Minister and a Leader of the House of Commons to play at hide-and-seek with each other through the rooms of a large London club-house. To send out two thousand invitations to the members of the National Liberal Club and their friends for a certain evening, with the tempting promise that Lord ROSEBURY, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, and other members of the Government "will deliver addresses in the reading-room and library," might not of itself have proved such a very great "draw." But we do not doubt that the worthy National Liberals had private information of what was going to happen; and that they knew, not only that both Lord ROSEBURY and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT would each deliver an address, both in the reading-room and the library, but that they would "chivy" each other from the former of these apartments to the latter and back again, until everybody in the reading-room who had heard Lord ROSEBURY had been also addressed by Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, and until all those who had heard Sir

WILLIAM HARCOURT in the library had listened in turn to the eloquence of the PRIME MINISTER. For this was, in fact, the stimulating but complicated programme of the evening; and it reflects great credit on the stage-management of the show that it went off with but a single hitch. This occurred at an early stage of the proceedings, and was apparently due to Lord ROSEBURY's not having waited for his "cue" to "go off." He cut short his remarks in the reading-room, and "retired to speak in the library" before Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT was ready to come on; and Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, somewhat to his surprise—and, indeed, to judge from some of his remarks, to his disgust—was sent on to "gag," so to speak, until the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER could be called. In a few minutes, however, he arrived, "spoke his piece," and was then "conducted, along with the LORD CHANCELLOR and other members of the Ministry," to the spacious library upstairs. Here Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT delivered another *concio ad clerum*; and, "just as he concluded, the PRIME MINISTER entered," and disarmed criticism by anticipating the inevitable comparison of himself and his distinguished colleague to Box and Cox.

It was, as we have said, a singular entertainment, and a thoroughly novel description of spiritual "pick-me-up." But we can quite understand that it may have served its turn. Very inferior plays have often been saved by briskness in the acting; and it must be admitted that there was an amount of "go" and movement about these extraordinary proceedings which may well have produced an exhilarating effect. Certainly it seems to have reacted on the spirits of the performers themselves, whose mirth, indeed, was at times almost hysterical. Crisis? No doubt there was a crisis; but what of that? Crises are wholesome things. They are the food of heroes; and all the manly virtues thrive upon them. The proof was, added Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, that he had thrived upon them himself. Such was the inspiring stuff of which the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER's speech was composed. Lord ROSEBURY was less boisterously cheerful, but no less defiant. Ministers were quite determined, he said, "to fight the battle to the end. To-morrow night we may have, after all, but a majority of twenty, or a majority of ten; but, if it is only a majority of two, the Government will persevere." Why not a majority of one—the "odd man" himself, in the flesh, the Ultimate Depository of democratic power, incarnate at last? The PRIME MINISTER would be equally entitled to "persevere" with the smaller of the two majorities as with the larger.

His supporters in the press affect to be hugely delighted with this "spirited" utterance, and they have been filling the air ever since with acclamations of Lord ROSEBURY's "pluck." But, really, what, and where, is the risk which he incurs? One might almost think that votes were actual warlike missiles, and that the PRIME MINISTER was literally, instead of figuratively, pledging himself to fight as long as he had "a shot"—or rather two shots; for he seems to stipulate for a couple—"in the locker." As a matter of fact, the heroism which he flourishes is of the cheapest possible kind, and the "perseverance" which he promises can be displayed by any body of officials who see nothing undignified in clinging to office after all authority and credit have departed from them, nor anything foreign to the spirit of representative institutions in prolonging the life of a Government and of a Parliament which are absolutely powerless for those legislative purposes which, according to their own account, they were called into existence to effect. That is all that this new "POGRAM Defiance"—launched last Wednesday night at the National Liberal Club—amounts to; and if, after the momentary exhilaration

of listening to it, Lord ROSEBURY's followers find it permanently cheering and gratifying, it will only show how completely the very tradition of Parliamentary government, in the only reasonable and respectable sense that ever attached to it, has passed away.

CAPTAIN MAHAN.

NOTHING is more proper than that a dinner should be given to Rear-Admiral ERBEN and the officers of the U.S. warship *Chicago*. It is an act of ordinary courtesy to the representatives of the navy of a friendly Power which is not often seen in our waters. But the dinner which the appropriate "influential and representative Committee" has been appointed to arrange has a particular and exceptional interest. It will not be merely an official reception of foreign naval officers, nor merely a spontaneous act of national good will. Many who, if it were either of these things only, would hear of it with approval, but without expecting, or being expected, to take any personal interest in it, will be attracted by the desire to do direct honour to one of the officers who will be present. It is with no shadow of disrespect to Rear-Admiral ERBEN, or to the other officers of the *Chicago*, still less to the flag of the United States, that those to whom we refer will see the chief interest of the occasion in the presence of Captain MAHAN.

The *Saturday Review* was certainly not the last paper in England to see the extraordinary merit of this officer's work on the *Influence of Sea Power on History*. The convincing force of the book was, indeed, so great as to secure instant and universal recognition. The ideas which animate its narrative, and give it a coherence and vitality possessed by no other naval history, appear so clear in the exposition that one wonders why they waited so long for an expounder. But that is always the case with every discovery; it looks such an easy thing to do when it is done, and yet the world has had to wait long for some man to do it. The originality of Captain MAHAN is not affected in the least by the fact that the historical truths he sets forth had been taught in parts by others, or had even influenced the conduct of statesmen and admirals. No man is an actual beginner, and it is obvious that in historical writing—which, if it is to be more than an old almanac, must be mainly criticism—the critic must be provided with the matter on which he is to work. It is his function to formulate the laws which have governed the actions of men in the past. Natural inclination, fostered by professional training, turned Captain MAHAN's critical faculty to the action of sea-power during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Other men have seen parts of the truth, or even the whole of it; but they have either not known how to extricate their knowledge from other and conflicting matter, or they have used it for mere purposes of controversy. Captain MAHAN took the subject as a whole, rejected all that for his purpose was superfluous, freed it from the bonds of what was really professional and technical, and showed it in its universal relations. In his hands naval history ceased to be a mere series of picturesque but disconnected events, and became the exposition of a great force working by law, in a universally intelligible manner, to definite ends. His book has a thought in it, and belongs to the literature of power.

It is, therefore, as a thinker and an expositor of our own history that we shall most of all desire to do honour to Captain MAHAN. Moreover, gratitude in his case will be stimulated by the hope of favours to come. It is understood that Captain MAHAN is engaged on a *Life of NELSON*. We sincerely hope that the report is well founded, and can look forward with some confidence to the prospect that we shall

at last get a picture of the "sea captain"—not of NELSON only, but of the type of which he was the greatest example. If the naval hero has not exactly been praised and left to freeze, he has, what is pretty nearly as bad, been praised in those horrible general terms which define nothing. One may, at no great expense of labour, get to know many of the generals of the eighteenth century nearly as well as one knows the characters of poetry or romance. But it is very different with the admirals. Who is reminded of any personality, such as WOLFE's, by the names of CLOUDESLEY SHOVEL, ROOKE, LEAKE, VERNON, POCOCK, or SAUNDERS? The fault is partly with the nature of things, for the admiral lived apart in a life apart. Partly, though, it is due to the want of an expositor, of one who knew the life, and also what of it needed interpreting, and how it can be made clear. Since there has at last come a seaman with this faculty, we may hope that the empty place in literature where the admiral ought to stand, and where there is at present only his name, will at last be filled. Indeed, the time presses, and if Captain MAHAN does not do the work, we do not know who will.

COCKLING AT MORECAMBE.

From Silverdale to Kent sandside,
Where soil is sown with Cockle shells.

Old Flodden Ballad.

WORDSWORTH called the Sands of Morecambe Bay "The majestic plain where the sea has retired," and well, indeed, does that grand expanse, now of glittering gold, now of opal hue with an almost endless change of effect, merit such description. Those who associate the sea with a close incoming tide little know the fascination which these ever-varying sands have for the coastfolk of North Lonsdale in Lancashire; which, indeed, they have also for every lover of nature to whom unusual and marvellous colouring appeals, a colouring which from its incessant variety seems full of a perplexing and unaccountable interest. To "watch the sands" is undoubtedly one of the fascinations of this still coast-life to the fisherfolk, who wander down to them even after their day's work is over—a fascination which steadily grows, till even those whose life is not of the sands cannot resist the increasing desire to wander over them, to watch every shadow bathed in their burnished gold, to realize from them every season's changes on the shore.

Whence comes this fascination? Is it from the dangerous excitement surrounding the "shifting sands" with their ever-increasing death-roll, or from the changing channels in which often even a week's time finds substantial alteration, or from the silent creep of the "bore" wave, which has swept in too swiftly and silently for many a traveller, as in Mrs Gaskell's *Sutton's Hero*? Who shall say? But certain it is that the mutability of these sands and their associations exercise an unspeakable attraction, and adapt themselves to every change of mood in those whose lot is beside them; this very power of change investing them with a sort of personal sympathy with varying emotions which is a special part of their charm.

That this is indefinitely felt by the fisherfolk whose life is virtually lived upon this shining, golden-brown expanse is without doubt true, inasmuch as no inland labour or sport can tear them away from their hard fishing life; though the majority of these inexpressive North-country folk would, perhaps, hardly realize the power that holds them. Difficult, indeed, is it to get out of them even details of their trade and life; to talk about their daily routine would be a waste of words, which are limited in the North; but "yo' can cum and see ony day yo' like" may be graciously suggested!

A light cart and a good pony are the best means of getting far out cockling; the cocklers often go ten miles in distance, creeping close with their carts after the retreating tide. Every moment is precious for their work, so as soon as the tide has turned the carts may be seen flocking from Flookborough, Allithwaite, Cart Lane, and Kent's Bank, landing on the sands from their respective points,

and forming a slow, business-like-looking, little cavalcade moving in the direction of the open sea. The cocklers often start wading knee deep; so it is better to overtake the little procession when there is less water to make difficulties. At Cart Lane lives the "Over-sands" guide, George Sedgwick by name, a very necessary appendage when driving over ground riddled with quicksands. He holds his office from the Duchy of Lancaster, which allows him a small farm rent free, and pays him about 30*l.* a year, for which sum he is bound to cross the sands with any passenger in any weather. This arrangement was formerly supported by the monasteries of Furness and Cartmel, but was undertaken at their dissolution by Henry VIII. The guide's office was a very important one when "Over-sands" was the direct road from Lancaster to all this curiously cut off bit of Lancashire known as North Lonsdale. From Cart Lane to Kent's Bank is but a few moments' drive, and here the descent on to the sands may be made exactly at the crossing from Kent's Bank to Hest Bank, made famous by Turner and Cox, and also probably that described by the Emperor Agricola to Tacitus as that of the dangerous passage of his army in 79 A.D. The sands are firm and level, with just the slight wrinkles produced by the ripple of the waves, and wet as the sea had just left them. We skim out some four miles through two or three small channels, assured by the guide that "all is sound this side," and a wonderful sense of exhilaration takes hold of us, born of the situation. The loneliness and beauty of the scene were indescribable, combined with a mysterious feeling which it gave one of being "neither on land or sea," knowing that we drove where, two hours earlier, there had been seventeen feet of water, and where, a few hours later, all would again be covered by the deep. The coast, from Lancaster right up to the mouth of the river Kent, was a deep sapphire blue, with another beautiful atmospheric blue between it and us; in the distance Ingleborough reared its head, while nearer the fells of Meathop and the wooded slopes of Grange showed pearl-like shadows beneath a world of apple and cherry blossom, and all around the burnished, gleaming sand, with the fluke-nets dotted here and there. Beyond the mere beauty of the scene (which in its deepest power must always make ordinary things seem afar) did the situation itself make one feel strangely apart and afar from that lovely, homely coast, for this is no mere drive on the beach; here are "the depths of the sea."

One cockle cart is reached, drawn by a pony which looked as if it had been dried in sand and salt water for centuries; the man, woman, and boy attached to it working hard to fill the cockle baskets, with sure eyes and hands. The cockles are found in beds called "cockle skeers"; a little mark on the sand, quite unnoticeable to a stranger, shows the experienced eye just where the shell-fish has buried itself, and the cockler, with a three-pronged instrument called a "cram," scrapes up the cockle shells with astonishing rapidity. The men, who are a strong, good-looking, dark race, wear, as a rule, sailors' clothes and waterproof boots; the women have bare feet, but are allowed to drive in the carts through the channels and wettest places. A discussion followed with the cockler on the virtues of the "cram" *versus* "jimbo," another cockling apparatus, which those interested in the protection of fisheries have endeavoured with some success to get discontinued among the cocklers. This implement consists of planks of wood made to work up and down, which process forces at once a large number of cockles to the surface, though crushing, at the same time, endless small fry. Its origin is the only interesting feature to connect with this very short-sighted implement; it is said to have been suggested to the cocklers by the rockers of the babies' cradles, which accompanied the working mothers in olden days, and which were observed, as they rocked, to bring large quantities of cockles to the surface. This little incident shows how entirely the life of these people has been, and still is, lived upon their sandy highway; for even the other day a woman, with a fortnight's old baby in her arms, said that she should never feel well till she "could get to 't cockles again!"

The guide inquired where the rest of the cockle carts would be, and the cockler shading his eyes pointed to a silver line, the distant water's edge, on which we could see a black streak. "They'll be there," said the man; "there was twenty-eight on 'em went out." The sands between us and the carts are pronounced perfectly sound by the cockler; the guide, somewhat more cautious, suggests,

"He'll maybe not have been out there for a week." This sounds like an absurdity, but it is a well-known fact that you may make a chart of this bay one day, and almost before the ink is dry alteration will be necessary, for close to these changing channels are always found the quicksands. But the fascination of "the Sands" is upon us, and though a little caution is observed crossing the channels, winding in and out like serpents round Humphrey Head, all goes well, and the silver line gets nearer and nearer, and the black cockle carts take distinct shape, with their loads of shell fish and their silent, handsome occupants. The seriousness and silence of these people are very striking, as if their lives of isolation had got a hold of them which they could not shake off; as if they were always unconsciously realizing the superior power of Nature over human nature. Perhaps, also, their fear of a quarrel on the sands, which they superstitiously believe scares away the cockles, has trained them to the safety of silence! We join the little procession, and are glad to find one fisherman somewhat more communicative than the rest, and from him we learn what a life of toil is this hazardous employment on the shifting sands. Intensely beautiful, almost an ideal out-door life, as it seemed on this rare spring day, the life of the cockler in autumn and winter is one of the utmost hardship; often he is out all night, and then again midday, as the tide may serve; in mist (most dangerous of all the cocklers' enemies), in storm and tempest, for long long hours' exposure, out they cheerfully go, for they love the life. The sands and the sea are their long-trying friends. Are they not the support of the living! Are they not often the graves of the well-beloved dead!

Our cavalcade at last leaves the sands, and bumps and jolts along a road (so called, but in reality channel banks used as one) where one cannot but feel that every cockle must wellnigh be shaken out of its shell, till we reach the ancient village of Flookburgh (proud of its charters for fairs and markets of Edward I. and Henry IV. date, ratified under Charles II.), where the last part of the cockler's day is witnessed. Here the cockles are weighed, put in sacks, and despatched, in bygone days to the nearest country markets, now to Preston, Manchester, and the manufacturing towns of East Lancashire and West Yorkshire. The striking scene where the men and women dispose of their day's gatherings has been well described in some Lancashire sketches now out of print. "Women bronzed to a copper hue, little ragged children, with hair as rough and of the colour of the ass's hide, strong, muscular-looking young men and women drenched with wet, were all crowded together with their baskets just as they had come off their work. They were measuring out their lots, and these eagerly vociferating people (for they can talk here!), their faces lit up with a few farthing candles, would have made an admirable picture for Teniers."

In 1890, when the cockling trade was the best ever known, 3,162 tons of cockles, at an average of 2*l.* 8*s.* per ton, went out of the little village of Flookburgh—for such it is, notwithstanding royal charters. No doubt now cockles are not so much in demand; but no doubt, too, the cocklers are suffering for their former wholesale use of the destructive "jimbo" implement, for the returns of the trade in 1893 only show a sale of 1,335 tons. In good years an experienced cockler made over a pound a week, now the same man must be content with 14*s.* a week. But he would rather pursue his toilsome, dangerous calling, with its mixture of freedom and adventure on the solitary, shifting Sands of Morecambe Bay, than find employment in any easy inland labour. Such is his love of his calling, that we may even believe in the refrain of the old song, and that sooner than part from it altogether, his

Ghost wheels a barrow
Through streets wide and narrow,
Singing "Cockles and mussels alive, alive, oh!"

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE one hundred and twenty-sixth exhibition of the Royal Academy contains fewer works than usual by several hundreds. This may be a matter of distress to rejected artists; but it is a distinct boon to the public, who are conscious of less crowding than in recent years. The general effect is brighter; the painters seem to have been provoked by the fine weather last year to use their most

brilliant pigments, and some of the rooms look like a collection of macaws and parrots. On no preceding year that we remember have so many Academicians and Associates been absentees. No fewer than fifteen members do not exhibit this year. Of the majority of these, we are afraid it must be admitted, in the words of the poet, "They never will be missed, O they never will be missed!" But this certainly cannot be said of Sir J. E. Millais, Sir John Gilbert, or Mr. W. B. Richmond.

In an Exhibition which eschews the odd and startling, by far the most original specimen is the huge "Lunette and Portion of Ceiling" (423), which overhangs the spectator as he passes from the Sixth into the Seventh Gallery. This is part of a mural decoration which Mr. Sargent, the new Associate, is producing for the Public Library of Boston, U.S.A. The Academicians must have found great practical difficulty in hanging this work, which is suspended from the roof with much ingenuity, but in a way which makes it almost as great a task to examine it as it is to study Michelangelo in the Sistine Chapel. Mr. Sargent is here displayed in a totally new light, as the inventor of a complicated and erudite mythological composition, gorgeous with metal and jewels. So far as we comprehend the main design, the gods of Egypt are warring with those of Assyria. Vast golden wings sweep across the foreground, the background is like a sunset with clouds of crimson plumage. The lion of Nineveh, greenish grey, prowls forward, gnashing his teeth against the bull of Thebes. At the side an extraordinary Aphrodite, barbaric and Carthaginian, is swathed in pale blue clouds of incense. The mythology appears to be beyond reproach; as a decoration, the whole is splendid and mysterious. We are too much startled to comprehend at once how the realistic painter of so many mundane portraits has suddenly become the illustrator of Ezekiel. Much study should be given to these extraordinary figures before a final verdict is submitted. It is enough at present to say that of their originality and solemn impressiveness there can be no question.

It will now, perhaps, be convenient to go hastily through the exhibition, pointing out which are the works in each room which most vividly strike the visitor in a first and superficial survey. In the First Gallery the places of honour are held by Sir Frederic Leighton on the left, with his dark-eyed "Fatidica" (20), in her bright white folds of raiment; and on the right by Mr. Hook, with a solid landscape, "Seed-Time" (55). In this room, also, we find Mr. Sargent's solitary portrait, a "Miss Chandler" (61), of extreme vivacity. In the Second Gallery Sir Frederic Leighton is again predominant with a somewhat languishing "Summer Slumber" (111) and a study in yellows, "The Bracelet" (135), a harmony of most delicate saffrons and ambers. Mr. Logsdail's "Feeding the Pigeons in the Piazza San Marco" (151) is a fine study that catches the eye.

The Great Gallery is devoted, as usual, to works of considerable ambition. But we cannot help regretting that so hard and ill-inspired, although very learned, picture as Mr. Poynter's "Hore Serene" (163) should have been awarded the place of honour of the year. Mr. Hacker's "Temptation of Sir Percival" (154) shows a strenuous wish, on the part of a new Associate, to justify the distinction conferred on him. Mr. Briton Riviere's polar bear in a world of ice, "Beyond Man's Footsteps" (169), has a sort of fairy majesty. Immediately beyond the door we come to a magnificent portrait of Professor Dewar (176), by Mr. Orchardson, which may be contrasted with an equally fine "Mr. Robert Bridges" (216) at the opposite corner of the room, painted by Mr. Furse in a manner diametrically different. Mr. Frank Dicksee is sumptuous and slightly artificial in a large beryl-coloured composition, called "The Magic Crystal" (218). Not the most skilfully painted, but we think the most imaginative work of the year, is Mr. Swan's "Orpheus" (222), which only wants a little more solidity to be a masterpiece. Mr. Luke Fildes is to be congratulated on a very real success with his portrait of "H.R.H. the Princess of Wales" (239). It is difficult to understand how Mr. Waterhouse can for so many years have resisted painting "The Lady of Shalott," but she is here at last (245). Mr. Watts's "Sir Andrew Clark" (251) is exceedingly fine, but, in combination with a crudely coloured "Idle Fears" (253) of Mr. Poynter, fairly kills Mr. Alma Tadema's grey and pink "At the Close of a

Joyful Day" (252), in itself not a very strong example. In this gallery, too, are portraits by Mr. John Collier, by Mr. Oulless, and Mr. Herkomer.

In Gallery Four Mr. H. S. Tuke comes forward, at last, with a large composition of figures in a boat, called "August Blue" (307), which can be praised almost without reserve; and a new marine painter, Mr. Thomas Somerscales, leaps to the front with a very remarkable "Fight off Ushant" (266). In the Fifth Gallery nothing need at present detain us, except Mr. Draper's vigorously designed, but too wax-like and pallid, composition called "The Sea-Maiden" (370). In the Sixth Gallery, on the left, we are brought up before a strangely blue fantastic vision of "The First Christmas Morn" (385), by Mr. Albert Goodwin. We pass under Mr. Sargent's fierce gods and symbols, and find in Gallery Seven a well-balanced and brilliantly lighted "The Quarry Team" (461), by Mr. Stanhope Forbes, and a noble portrait of "Professor Burdon Sanderson" (462), by Mr. John Collier.

In the Eighth Gallery Mr. Gotch challenges the eye with a great crimson and gold picture of a very stiff "Child Enthroned" (540), so archaic as to look like some Cologne altar-piece of the Renaissance. Mr. Solomon contributes an eccentric but lifelike portrait of "Mr. Zangwill" (523). We now turn into the Ninth Gallery, which, as for several years past, is entirely dedicated to small cabinet works in oils. Here the average seems to us high, but no extremely brilliant specimen strikes the rapid visitor. His attention is principally arrested, perhaps, by Mr. Robert Owtram's "A Vagabond" (635), by several radiant seascapes of Mr. Henry Moore, by a refined, and even pathetic, "The Emperor's Coming" (667), of Mr. Gow, and by Mrs. Alma Tadema's "Silent Persuasion" (627). In Gallery Ten we are again among large oil paintings, and here Mrs. Edwin Abbey's solemn and poetical "Fiammetta's Song" (797) justly holds the place of honour. In Gallery Eleven a portrait by Mr. A. Stuart Wortley, "The Hon. Mrs. Bingham" (897), and a very large and spirited study in vermilion uniforms, seen under lamplight, the "Gentlemen! the Queen!" (920) of Mr. Chevallier Tayler, are the most notable specimens; and we now find that we have concluded our first view of the Royal Academy.

The sculpture this year is of great interest. Mr. Alfred Gilbert's "Model of the Tomb of the Duke of Clarence" (1849), and Mr. Thornycroft's equestrian bronze of "Edward I." (1844) give a distinguished air to the two ends of the Lecture Room. Mr. Ford exhibits some admirable busts, Mr. Armstead a dignified recumbent statue of the late "Lord Winmarleigh" (1841), and Mr. Frampton a curious pictorial panel in low relief. A new sculptor, Mr. Charles Allen, exhibits a fine heroic figure of "Perseus Victorious" (1848). In the Central Hall two bronze statues, one by Mr. Ford the other by Mr. Thornycroft, are of excellent accomplishment. Altogether, the level of the sculpture this year seems higher than that of the painting.

THE COVENT GARDEN SEASON.

WE have every reason to believe that this year's operatic campaign will prove unusually interesting, and, if Sir Augustus Harris finds it possible to realize but half of his intentions, then the beloved epithet of "unprecedented" may be for once frankly applied to qualify the achievement. Sir Augustus proposes to produce no less than eight novelties, or some twenty-seven acts, during a season of ten weeks, and this from the point of view of quantity alone may be considered a *tour de force*. But we have quality besides, and such quality that, should only four of the eight promised productions actually take place, there would be yet good cause for contentment. First and foremost in the list of expectations comes *Falstaff*, then Bruneau's *L'Attaque du Moulin*, Puccini's *Manon Lescaut*, Massenet's *Werther* and *La Navarraise*, Cowen's *Signa*, Berlioz's *La Damnation de Faust*, and Gounod's *Sapho*. France is represented by five works, Italy by two, and England by one. Of composers, Signor Giacomo Puccini makes his first bow to the British public, and it may not be amiss to introduce the young maestro before the spirit of the interviewer will be upon him. Puccini owes his first opportunity not so much to his undoubted talent as to the feud between the two great publishing houses of Italy. It so happened that some ten years ago he sent a one-act

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opera, *Le Villi*, to the first Sonzogno competition, and that the work was rejected; nothing daunted, Puccini took the score to Ricordi's, who immediately recognized its transcendent qualities, and produced it (Dal Verme, Milan, in May 1884) with very great success. Thus it is from Puccini's *Le Villi*, and not from Mascagni's *Cavalleria*, that we have to count the dawn of the one-act Italian opera, if not a kind of *risorgimento* of modern lyric Italy. How much the successors of Puccini owe to his style and manner will be seen after the production of *Manon*, and more still when we shall have made the acquaintance of *Le Villi*. Puccini was a favourite pupil of Ponchielli, whose individuality he assimilated to a certain extent, sometimes—as in dynamic devices—to little advantage, sometimes—as in harmonic combinations and fanciful melodic designs—to exquisite purpose; altogether, one may say that Puccini is an idealized and refined Ponchielli. His second opera, *Edgar*, on an impossible book deranged from *La Coupe et les Lèvres*, was as signal a failure as *Le Villi* has proved a success, and the reverse seems to have done the young *maestro* good; for *Manon*, his third work, counts until now as many successes as productions. In another two days London will reverse or endorse the judgment, so far favourable to Puccini's last score.

M. Alfred Bruneau needs no introduction, and all that may be said in anticipation of his *première* is, that *L'Attaque du Moulin* will be performed at Covent Garden for the first time with the original *mise en scène*; i.e. that the action, instead of being transposed to a very anterior epoch, and vaguely described as between the French and *l'ennemi*, will be this time boldly placed in 1870 with *piou-piou* and *pickel-haube* for parties. The attraction of the interpretation will be centred in Mlle. Delina, a most remarkably gifted artiste.

So will M. Jean de Reszke prove the attraction in Massenet's *Werther*, a part which report says may be considered his best in all he has done until now. *La Navarraise* is Massenet's *Cavalleria Rusticana*, and has been written expressly for Sir Augustus Harris, and in view of Mme. Calvé for the title-rôle.

Mr. Cowen's *Signa* has been compressed into two acts, the book has been partially re-written, and some characters eliminated. We confess to a certain amount of anxiety as to the production of Berlioz's *Damnation de Faust*, for somehow we do not see the work on the stage. Gounod's *Sapho* will not be missed should the opera not be produced after all; *un cataplasme de moins*. But, as was said above, should only half of Sir Augustus Harris's programme be carried out, he will have deserved well of his patrons. And *à propos*, at a function at Drury Lane, Sir Augustus has been presented with an album and an illuminated address as a "National Operatic Testimonial." This is a big name for a paltry affair, for there are other means of recognizing services rendered to our operatic stage. If these are real—and few will be found doubting after this season is over—then the national way of recognizing them should be to turn Covent Garden into a permanent National Opera House, with Sir Augustus Harris at the head of the Institution. It is absurd and unworthy of a music-loving nation that so favourite a pastime as opera should find support for ten weeks of the year only, and that we should be fed the rest of the time on operatic tit-bits in those hybrid platform entertainments called "selections." Surely, if there is ever a seven-and-sixpenny audience eager to hear a mutilated *Lohengrin* or *Tannhäuser*, there should be no difficulty in finding one with an extra florin or so for a complete performance! To resume. If Sir Augustus Harris keeps only his promises this season, he should be enabled to carry on a permanent enterprise—which is more satisfactory than albums and testimonials.

CHESS NOTES.

IT seemed evident from the first two stages of the match now being completed at Montreal that Mr. Steinitz had not defended his championship with the vigour and sturdiness which used to distinguish his play in set matches against his strongest rivals. The Prussian master, indeed, found plenty of hard work cut out for him, and in the second and fourth games at New York he was well beaten

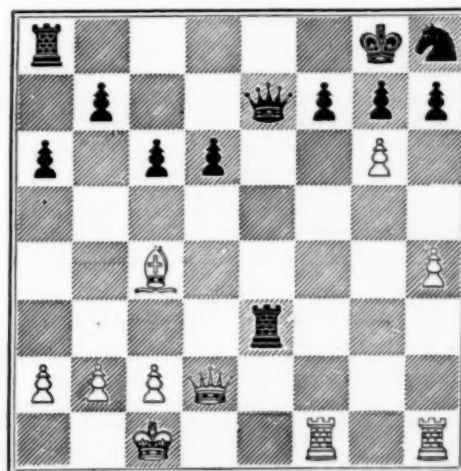
by superior play. But from the fifth to the twelfth game he either scored victories or saved himself from defeat, and on several occasions he won after getting himself into difficulties, displaying greater resource and power of recovery than the veteran could bring to bear. Steinitz can scarcely be said to have shown good form since the fifth or sixth game, at any rate throughout a long sitting. He made some brilliant combinations, but Lasker's combinations have been either more brilliant or more continuous. The seventh game, in which Lasker opened with the Ruy Lopez, illustrates what has just been said; for up to a certain point Black had decidedly the best of it, and then the younger man clipped in with a king's side attack, which seems to have demoralized the champion, and thrown him into confusion.

Here is the game up to the twenty-third move of White with a diagram of the position which it then assumed:—

White LASKER.	Black STEINITZ.	White LASKER.	Black STEINITZ.
1 P-K 4	P-K 4	13 Kt-Q 5	Castles
2 Kt-K B 3	Kt-Q B 3	14 P-K Kt 4	R-K sq
3 B-Kt 5	P-Q 3	15 P-Kt 5	R-K 4
4 P-Q 4	B-Q 2	16 Q x B	R x P
5 Kt-B 3	K Kt-K 2	17 Q-Q 2	Q-K 2
6 B-K 3	Kt-Kt 3	18 P-K B 4	R x P
7 Q-Q 2	B-K 2	19 P x B	Q-K 2
8 Castles (Q R)	P-Q R 3	20 Q R-B sq	R x B
9 B-K 2	P x P	21 B-B 4	Kt-R sq
10 Kt x P	Kt x Kt	22 P-K R 4	P-Q B 3
11 Q x Kt	B-K B 3		
12 Q-Q 2	B-Q B 3		

Lasker's seventh move, it will be perceived, was a fair warning that he was inclined to castle on his queen's side. Steinitz's reply amounted to an expression of indifference; whilst preparing for a castle on the king's side, it shut out, at any rate for the present, a similar operation on the

BLACK.



WHITE.

After White's 23rd move:—P-Kt 6.

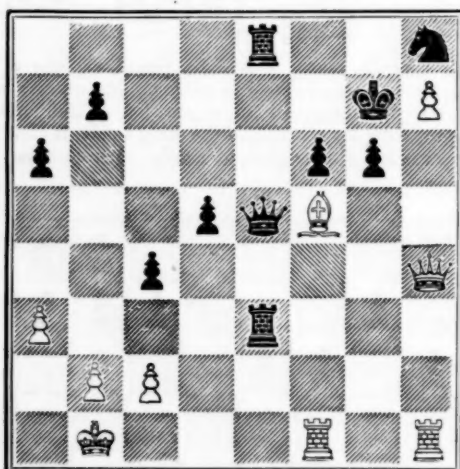
queen's side. After this there is some careful play for command of the middle board. On his thirteenth move Steinitz castled boldly into the threatened attack, which was instantly delivered by the advance of knight's pawn. The moves which follow are very pretty; and observe the masterly manner in which the champion detached his rook on special service. The brilliant career of this rook undoubtedly gave Black the better game, and justified his line of play; for analysis had shown him beforehand the eight moves which began with his castling. He is two pawns to the good, and perhaps, if his twenty-second move had been rook to king's knight's sixth, he might have more than weathered the approaching storm. It was a violent storm, in any case. Lasker also had been analysing, and his twentieth and twenty-first moves developed the attack in a very menacing fashion. It is strange that Steinitz should have underestimated such an attack, as he manifestly did. His two pawn moves to shut out the White bishop were less necessary than the rook's move; and, as it turned out, the bishop was able to keep its position just long enough, and then to move for a purpose of its own, and not under compulsion. The advance of Lasker's knight's pawn was serious; but even now Steinitz might have done better by taking the pawn with his rook's pawn,

followed by rook to king's fifth. Lasker took full advantage of the obduracy of that rook. The game continued in this way :—

White LASKER.	Black STEINITZ.	White LASKER.	Black STEINITZ.
23	P-Q 4	34	K R-Kt sq
24	K x P	35	Q-R 5 ch
25	K-Kt sq	36	K-Kt 8
26	R-K sq	37	R x P
27	P-R 6	38	R x R
28	P-K Kt 3	39	R x B P ch
29	K-Kt 2	40	Q-R 6
30	Q-K 4	41	Q-R 2
31	P-B 5	42	Q-Kt sq ch
32	P-B 3	43	Q-Kt 5 ch, and wins.
33	K-B 2		

Again Steinitz holds the attack too cheap, or he would have utilized to better purpose the time occupied by White in putting his king out of danger. The advance of the pawns on the bishop looked promising, but he might have been satisfied with the advantage already gained. Lasker's play is now irreproachable. His manœuvre with the queen is fine, and the sacrifice of the bishop looks like an instance of that masterly chess-instinct which is only an abbreviated form of analysis. We give the position after White's thirty-third move. The game was virtually over when Steinitz took the bishop :—

BLACK.



WHITE.

After White's 33rd move :—B-B 5.

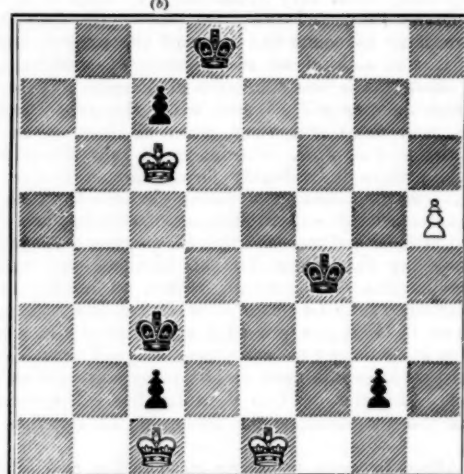
We have now given an example of a successful king's side attack played by each of the two masters, after a Ruy Lopez opening. Steinitz had the best of the beginning in both instances, and, though his critics are inclined to harp upon the unsoundness of his favourite method of accepting this opening, his results on the whole do not incline one to prefer the judgment of any one else as to the best way of treating it, whether for attack or in defence. Games like that which has been given above show not the slightest abatement in the champion's analytical acuteness in the earlier stages. What they do seem to show is a certain lassitude after the first hour or two, which is apt to place him at a disadvantage in the end game as compared with a younger and more active brain. Steinitz has begun scoring again at Montreal, and the match is still full of interest.

The problem printed on April 28 was unfortunately described as a two-mover, whereas White cannot mate under three moves. That being so, and, as the position is interesting, as well as somewhat difficult, we may defer the solution for a fortnight. With it we will give the solution of the following puzzle. White's king is on his own square; White pawns on king's rook's fifth, queen's bishop's fifth, queen's knight's fifth, and queen's rook's fifth. Black's king is on his bishop's fifth; Black pawns on queen's rook's second, queen's knight's second, queen's bishop's second, and king's knight's seventh. White moving first, does he win? and, if so, how? This question, like a similar one set a fortnight ago, simply leads up to a well-known position which occurs from time to time in the end game. On April 28 it was the opposition that was involved. The pawns on the king's side of the board need attention first of all, for either of them would queen if it had a start in advance of the hostile king. But (a) Black would queen

first, with a check, and would win easily, so that White's first move must be king to bishop's second; and in the

A DRAW.

BLACK.



(c)

WHITE.

(a)

same way the Black king must go for the White pawn. It is then a race for the opposition. After six moves on each side the White king will have reached bishop's sixth, as indicated in the diagram at (b), whilst the Black king is just in time to defend his pawn on the queen's square. That is all he can do. Black cannot win, because White has the opposition. If Black could have reached queen's third he might have won, though White would still have had a chance of the opposition. White now falls back to his bishop's fifth, and all he has to do henceforth is to remain on the pawn's file, either one or two squares in front of it, so that whenever the Black king comes abreast of the pawn, right or left of it, White may face Black on the same file. This, if played out, leads to the position marked (c), where the Black king has had the alternative of leaving the pawn to be taken or defending it on bishop's sixth. By defending he stalemates White, and the game is drawn. (Solutions from C. T. S., A. C. Waters, Westdel, and others.)

MONEY MATTERS.

THE strength of the Bank of England this year is unusually great, and is attracting much attention in the City. The coin and bullion amount to 32,190,000*l.*, and the reserve to 23,647,000*l.* Since the Bank Charter Act was passed the coin and bullion have been only twice larger. In 1876 they reached 35 millions, and in 1879 they were larger still—about 35½ millions. After 1879 there was a very rapid decrease. In 1882-83 they were only about 24 millions. In 1886 they fell to 23 millions; and in 1890 they fell at one time as low as 17½ millions. Since then they have been rapidly increasing, and everything points to a steady growth for a considerable time to come. It will be seen that both in 1876 and in 1879 the coin and bullion held were larger even than they are now; and it is to be recollected that at that period the business of the country was much smaller. The stock of gold, then, large as it undoubtedly is, is not by any means unusually large for a period of depression. The reserve, on the other hand, is larger than ever before. In 1876 it reached 22½ millions, and in 1879 22½ millions. Since the beginning of April this year it has been considerably over 23 millions. But it is to be recollected that the authorized note issue of the Bank of England has been added to upon a large scale since 1879. The Act of 1844 gives the Bank of England power to increase its authorized circulation when any of the country banks lose their right of issue, and under this provision the power has been exercised frequently. The reserve, of course, increases when the unemployed notes increase. And as the note circulation of the Bank is not growing—is, indeed, rather falling off—every addition made to the authorized issue tends to increase the reserve. While the gold and the reserve have

been steadily increasing ever since the Baring crisis, the investments of the Bank have been decreasing. The Bank was compelled to part with a considerable amount of the Government securities it held when it undertook the liquidation of the Baring estate; and as that liquidation has proceeded the assets held have, of course, decreased. On the other hand, the Bank has not repurchased Government securities, to any considerable extent, as it realized the Baring assets. One reason may be that Consols stand now so very high the Bank may be unwilling to purchase at present prices, and may be waiting merely for a favourable opportunity. But it is to be hoped that its action is based upon a wiser policy. There is no doubt at all that the coin and bullion held have been altogether too small in the past. It will be in the recollection of our readers that when the Baring crisis was upon us, the Bank of England had to borrow very largely from the Bank of France and from the Imperial Bank of Russia. We trust that the experience of that time has convinced the Directors of the Bank of England that the old policy was wrong, and that the right course is to hold a much larger amount of gold than formerly. It has been suggested that the Bank would do well to accumulate gold in the Banking Department. Hitherto, whenever the Bank bought gold, it lodged it in the Issue Department, and proceeded immediately to issue notes against it. Any one who chose to withdraw gold thus had it in his power to take the metal away almost as soon as it arrived. But if a portion of the gold that is now held were placed in the Banking Department, then it would not be within the reach of the customers of the Bank. The gold would be held as part of the reserve, and would be kept against future emergencies. Whether the Bank is following this course is not easy to say. Of course it would not be likely to accumulate gold in the Banking Department very rapidly. It would proceed cautiously and gradually; and the fact that the gold and silver held in the Banking Department now amount to about 2½ millions—which is considerably more than used to be held—would seem to indicate that the Bank is adding to the stock held in the Banking Department. But it does not follow, of course, that that means that the Directors have decided upon keeping in future a portion of their reserve in gold in the Banking Department.

The money market has been quiet this week, and rates have been decidedly easier. The discount rate in the open market is only about 1½ per cent., and short loans have been freely made at from 1 to 1½ per cent. At the Fortnightly Settlement on the Stock Exchange, which began on Wednesday morning, borrowers obtained all they required at from 1½ to 2 per cent., the general average being about 1¾ per cent.; and the tendency is decidedly downwards. During the week ended Wednesday night, the Bank of England received 885,000*l.* in gold, and large amounts further are coming in. There is every probability, therefore, that rates will continue exceedingly easy all through the summer. As a natural consequence new enterprise is reviving, and investors are taking up all the really good securities that are being offered.

On Tuesday the six months' bills of the India Council, which are maturing in a few days, were renewed. The amount offered was 2 millions sterling either in six or twelve months' bills as applicants might prefer. The total applications exceeded 5½ millions, and the 2 millions of bills were placed at a rate equivalent to 1½ per cent. On the same day London County Council Two and a Half per Cents, amounting to 2 millions sterling, were offered for tender, and the applications exceeded 5½ millions sterling. The average price obtained was 94*l.* 18*s.* 4*d.*, 1*l.* 8*s.* 4*d.* above the minimum.

The India Council has again been successful in placing its drafts. On Wednesday it offered for tender 60 lakhs of rupees in bills and telegraphic transfers, and sold the whole amount at from 1*s.* 1½*d.* to 1*s.* 1¼*d.* per rupee. Subsequently it sold three lakhs by special contract at 1*s.* 1¼*d.* per rupee. The Indian money market is exceedingly stringent. On Saturday last the Bank of Bombay raised its rate of discount from 9 per cent. to 10 per cent.—a most unusual thing at this time of the year. Money is decidedly scarcer in Western than in Eastern India; for, a couple of days previously, the Bank of Bengal put down its rate from 9 per cent. to 8 per cent. Apparently the Government is not increasing its balances with the Bank of Bombay, and the bank's supplies are therefore running very short. In consequence of the tightness of money in India, the Indian

demand for silver has fallen off, and the price of the metal has remained during the week at about 29*d.* per ounce.

The railway traffic returns continue very satisfactory, showing that trade throughout the country is gradually improving; and the inference is supported by the Board of Trade returns noticed below. In consequence the Home Railway market is well supported, there being a large amount of steady investment. The investment in really first-class securities is also large. But, happily, there is exceedingly little speculation; the influences of cheap money being counteracted by the great depression in the United States, and the fears excited by rumours respecting India. That those rumours are exaggerated we have no doubt. Yet it would be idle to deny that there is much to cause uneasiness in the condition of India. There is great political unrest; and the stringency of the money market, when the active export season is drawing to an end, is also disquieting. Still, there seems no reason to justify the alarmist rumours that have been set afloat. In the United States it is now said that the Democratic Senators have agreed to an arrangement which will secure the passing of the Tariff Bill. But the Democratic party generally is much dissatisfied with the arrangement, and it seems doubtful whether the amended Bill can be carried through the House of Representatives. Trade is very bad all over the States, and credit is paralysed.

The Board of Trade Returns for April are highly satisfactory. The value of the imports was a little over 35 millions, showing an increase over April last year of nearly 2,888,000*l.*, or not far short of 9 per cent. The value of the exports of British and Irish produce and manufactures was nearly 17,560,000*l.*, being an increase of about 942,000*l.*, or over 5½ per cent. It is to be borne in mind, however, that Easter Monday fell in April last year, while the whole of the Easter holidays were in March this year. The returns are not so satisfactory if we compare March and April with March and April of last year. Still, there are signs of improvement. Unfortunately there is a danger that the revival will be checked by a great lock-out in the coal trade in Scotland. The coalowners of Lanarkshire, Ayrshire, part of the Lothians, and Stirlingshire have given notice of a reduction of 1*s.* per day, being nearly 20 per cent. The men are resisting, and a lock-out of about 30,000 miners is threatened. In Fife and Clackmannan a strike of about 13,000 men is threatened. Locally the opinion is that the trouble will be arranged.

Indian Sterling Three per Cents closed on Thursday at 100, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of ¾; and Rupee-paper closed at 54½, a fall of 1½. On the other hand, New Zealand Three and a Half closed at 101½, a rise of ¾. The Home Railway department continues very firm and prices are generally somewhat higher, though the changes in few cases are considerable. Metropolitan Consolidated stock closed at 82½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 1½; South-Eastern Undivided closed at 122, a rise of 1; South-Western Undivided closed at 192, also a rise of 1; but Midland closed at 154½, a fall of ¾. Great Northern and Sheffield issues and Scotch Deferred Stocks are the chief speculative stocks at the moment. In the American department there has been a general decline. Beginning first with the purely speculative, we find that Atchison shares closed on Thursday at 12½, a fall of 1½ compared with the preceding Thursday; Union Pacific shares closed at 18½, a fall of 1½; and Erie shares closed at 15, a fall of 1. Coming next to bonds not of the highest character, we find that Atchison Fours closed at 74½, a fall of ½, while Erie Second Mortgage closed at 77½, a fall of 2½. With respect to shares that sometimes pay dividends and sometimes do not, we find that Milwaukee closed at 62½, a fall of 1¼; Louisville and Nashville closed at 48½, a fall of 2. In the market for sound dividend-paying shares, Illinois Central shares closed at 94½, a fall of ¾, and New York Central closed at 101, a fall of 1. In the South American market there has been a general decline, which has been heaviest in Chilean bonds. They closed on Thursday at 92, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 3½. It is said that at the elections now going on the Balmacedists are winning; and it is to be noticed that there has been also a very sharp fall in the Chilean exchange, which is now as low as 10½*d.* per dollar. Brazilian Four and a Half closed at 70, a fall of 1½. In the Argentine railway market, Central Argentine

closed at 62, a fall of $2\frac{1}{2}$; Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary closed at 55-7, a fall of 2; and Buenos Ayres Great Southern closed at 98-100, a fall of 1. In the inter-Bourse market, however, there has been somewhat of a recovery. Italian closed on Thursday at $78\frac{1}{4}$, a rise of $\frac{3}{4}$; and Spanish closed at $64\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$, and both have been higher than these prices.

THE CITY CHURCH DESTRUCTION SOCIETY.

THE Jesuitical doctrine that you may do evil that good may come is admirably illustrated by the action of the Episcopal Committee for the Suppression of Old Churches. For many years past this benevolent Association has "pointed at" St. Ethelburga's, in Bishopsgate. It is the oldest church in London, and also one of the smallest. There is a Norman crypt under St. Mary le Bow, and the church itself of St. Bartholomew is technically in the City; but St. Ethelburga is within the lines of the old wall, and is the only church left which has features of the style known to readers of Murray's Guides as E. E. First Pointed architecture is otherwise extinct in the City. Another interesting feature, formerly common, but now almost unknown, is the porch, which forms a shop and dwelling-house, apart from the church. There are not more than seven churches, if so many, that have survived the Great Fire of 1666, and St. Ethelburga's is one of them, and one of the most interesting. It is also—and this, no doubt, weighs heavily against it with the Bishop and his advisers at Zion College—one of the best endowed. The Bishop can scarcely be aware of the strong feeling which has been aroused among City men by the high-handed proceedings of his worse than iconoclastic Committee. The destruction of St. Antholin's, Watling Street, was worse than a crime on the part of the Committee—it was a blunder. It first called attention to confiscations which are, or would be in the affairs of ordinary life, absolutely indefensible. Having, then, removed Wren's best, or second best, steeple, the Committee now propose to attack the oldest of the churches. The amount which may be obtained for the site is nothing in comparison with the sum lost to the Bishop of London's Fund by these senseless annoyances. If the Bishop could get up and say, "No more City churches shall be destroyed, but we must have 100,000*l.*," there can be no doubt the money would be forthcoming. As things are at present managed, a canvasser goes round to the Jews and the Dissenters in, say, the parish of St. Ethelburga, and gets them—as indifferent, or actually hostile—to vote for the removal of the church and the sale of the site. A few thousand pounds—four or five at the most—will accrue to the Fund when all expenses are paid, and the Church people of the parish are alienated for ever, indignant and helpless at the combination against them. Naturally, with bishops, Unitarians, Methodists, Jews, and other Dissenters on one side, and the unhappy parishioner on the other, a very unequal contest results. A strongly worded circular has been issued in which the writer calls attention to the fact that Shakespeare lived close to St. Ethelburga's, and probably worshipped in the church. The present fabric is known to have been in existence in 1366, and it is probably one of the churches built after the great fire of 1130. The dedication, to a sister of the great Bishop Erconwald, is in itself very interesting and, in all probability, unique.

THE THEATRES.

SIGNORA ELEONORA DUSE elected to make her re-appearance before a London audience, on Monday night, as Marguerite in the Italian version of the *Dame aux Camélias*, the part in which she made her *début* on her last visit. Her performance differed little, if at all, from that of last year. Precisely the same use was made of the melodious and subtly modulated voice, and there was precisely the same quiet, easy manner and freedom from stiffness and stagginess. In the love scenes with Armando the tender caressing note in the voice was in thorough accord with the affectionate abandonment of manner, and the combination left little to be desired. In these scenes the effect was not enhanced by the presence of an Armando who, if he was not to be reproached on the ground of ridiculous excess, did little to assist the actress in her amorous expansion. In the

pathos and dignity of the scene with the father she showed admirable judgment, and in the death scene her acting was pathetic to a high degree. There was, however, but little indication of breadth or power, the method which proves so effective in the lighter passages naturally acting as a bar to the broader style necessary when a deeper note is struck. Really, one finds the performance, with all its pleasant and appealing characteristics, scarcely a Marguerite Gauthier at all. It is much too virginal; and, however much stress the younger Dumas may have laid upon such an appearance as affecting Armand, the contrary suggestion must be made, no matter how delicately—though of course the more delicately the better—on the stage. Signor Carlo Rosaspina was the Armando, but was wanting alike in fervour and distinction; in fact, distinction was conspicuously wanting throughout. Signor Cesare Rossi played the elder Duval with excellent tact and restraint. He would be well advised, however, to reconsider his attitude and gesture somewhat, as they appear to an English audience awkward and inappropriate.

FALSTAFF IN THE LOBBY.

["The modern craze of big majorities is born of accidental circumstances, and rests upon no ground of reason. A small majority, if it holds together, is as good as a large one, and far more manageable."—*Daily News*.]

Scene.—A Lobby in Westminster.

Time, Wednesday last.

Justice SHALLOW	Lord TW--DM--TH.
FALSTAFF	Sir W--LL--M H--RC--RT.
BARDOLPH	Mr. TH--M--S ELL--S.
SILENCE	Sir G--RGE TR--V--LY--N.

FAL. Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a majority? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a majority? Give me the spirit, Master Shallow. Here, now, is a party. You see what a ragged appearance it is. Yet it shall charge you and discharge you, rise and fall, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off and come on swifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket. Ay, this same half-faced and half-hearted Shadow—give me this majority; it presents no mark to the enemy; the Tories may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife. O give me the spare parties, and spare me the great ones! Put me an Order book into their hands, Bardolph.

BARD. Hold, lads, traverse! Ay to the right! Noes to the left! Thus, thus, thus! (*Marching*.)

FAL. Come, manage me your division. So;—very well;—go to;—very good;—exceeding good. O! give me always a little lean, weak, wasted, bare majority! Well done, lads! There's a tester for you to-morrow night.

SHAL. They are not their craft's master. They do it not aright. I remember, a dozen years ago, before I lay at the Treasury, there was a stouter fellow of a majority, and 'a would manage you his vote thus, and 'a would about and about, and come you on, and come you on; "Vide, 'Vide, 'Vide," would 'a say; "bounce," would 'a say, and again would 'a go to the smoking-room, and again would 'a come back to the lobby. I shall never see such a majority.

FAL. These fellows will do well, Master Shallow. Heaven keep you, Master Silence; I will not use many words with you. Fare you well, gentlemen both. I thank you. Bardolph, count the votes.

Exeunt.

REVIEWS.

REMINISCENCES OF THE GREAT MUTINY OF 1857-9.

Reminiscences of the Great Mutiny of 1857-9, including the Relief, Siege, and Capture of Lucknow, and the Campaigns in Rohilkund and Oude. By William Forbes-Mitchell, late Sergeant 93rd Sutherland Highlanders. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

THE author of these Reminiscences never rose beyond the rank of a sergeant. Yet many a captain or major would be glad if he could write as well as this non-commissioned officer. We quite credit his claim to a retentive and accurate memory. He writes in a clear and forcible style. He quotes Walter Scott to

good purpose. And he saw a great deal of downright hard fighting in the short period which elapsed between the second relief of Lucknow by Sir Colin Campbell, in November 1857, and the final siege and capture of the city by the same commander in March 1858. He was present also at the battle of Bareilly, on a hot May day of the same year, and he remained in Rohilcund to hear the Queen's Imperial Proclamation and to know that the Mutiny was at an end. With sound judgment he describes just what he witnessed—brilliant charges, hand-to-hand encounters, slaughter of rebels shut up in gardens and courtyards from which there was no escape, and incidents which often elude the more ambitious historian, and are only attainable at second-hand by the Special Correspondent. On the origin and causes of the Sepoy rebellion he preserves a discreet silence, and while he sets in their proper light several disputed questions, he enlivens his narrative by some very sound and sensible pieces of advice that may be studied with profit by corporal, private, colonel, or brigadier. Leaving, therefore, readers to the enjoyment of a story which, as shown in the brief introduction, carries us on from the end of Lady Inglis's Journal, we shall note some points on which this excellent Sergeant throws a new light, though it may be too much to expect that he silences all opponents and critics.

William Hodson, who was glad to say, was not "looting" when he was shot. After the assault on the Begum Kothi, on the 11th of March 1858, as we read the date, our men were engaged "in a series of separate fights all over the detached buildings of the Palace." Every room was crammed with rebels armed to the teeth and dying hard. Sergeant Forbes-Mitchell, under the command of Lieutenant Sergison, who was shot dead by his side, sent two men to get powder bags to blow up one of these death traps. Hodson, instead of waiting for the result of the explosion, very rashly tried to force the door, and received his death wound. The "looting," says the narrator quietly, had not been commenced, "not even by Jung Bahadur's Goorkhas." The testimony of such an eyewitness would carry conviction to the minds of a judge and jury. Hodson's grave was still in excellent order when the writer revisited Lucknow in 1892. P. 152 explodes a delusion about the Nana Sahib. A portrait of this ruffian appeared at the close of 1857 in the *Illustrated London News*. It was in reality that of Jotee Prasad, a rich Hindu contractor and merchant, who had probably in his whole life never killed anything but a mosquito. Jotee Prasad's claim to be remembered is that he figured conspicuously in a trial instituted by Government for fraud and falsification of accounts.

The case for the contractor as defendant was successfully argued by John Lang of the Calcutta Bar, then and afterwards the proprietor and editor of a paper started at Meerut, and widely known as the *Mofussilite*. Out of gratitude to his advocate, Jotee Prasad presented him with his portrait, and settled one lakh—not three lakhs—of rupees, as stated, on Mrs. Lang. Those who remember John Lang can readily believe that he was quite capable of passing off the portrait of the innocent Jotee Prasad as that of the fiendish Nana, and of thoroughly enjoying the joke. We happen to have a file of the *Illustrated London News* for 1857, and find there, in an issue of September, a gorgeous portrait of the so-called Nana. It was brought, the letterpress says, by Major Gandini (?) from India. To our thinking it is a compound of two or three typical natives made up to suit English notions. Sergeant Forbes-Mitchell's version may be true, in substance, all the same.

The truth about the Slaughter House at Cawnpore, lately established in Mr. J. W. Sherer's *Memories of the Mutiny*, finds a further confirmation in these pages. "There was no writing at all either in pencil or in charcoal on the walls"; all the scribbles about hellish victories and revenge were subsequent additions. Congealed blood, locks of hair, children's slippers, and women's dresses still met the eye. There were sword cuts and splashes of blood to be seen. But the unfortunate victims had neither the time nor the material to write anything. We were quite prepared for this statement; but we hardly expected a revival of "Jessie's dream" and the bagpipes at the first relief of Lucknow. Sergeant Forbes-Mitchell does not speak from personal knowledge, seeing that the pipes were said to have been heard in September 1857, when Havelock and Outram forced their way into Lucknow. The authority for the incident is the wife of a sergeant, who was in the Residency at that time, and she positively stated to Sergeant Forbes-Mitchell that the bagpipes had been heard before the rescue; while it is quite certain that the 78th Highlanders of the relieving force were accompanied by their pipers. In all probability some such incident took place, and was magnified and dressed up in a newspaper paragraph. Jessie Brown may have had sharp ears and caught the sound before others of the besieged. Anyhow, the tale was told to the author in November, only two months after the alleged date, when he formed part of

the second relief. Henry Morton, it may be remembered, distinguished the galloping of horsemen who came as his deliverers from the fanatic Whigs, when Mucklewrath and his party heard only the rushing of the brook over the pebbles and the sough of the wind.

Amongst heroes and fighting men a Bengali Baboo cuts, on one occasion, a very creditable figure; but not against shot and shell. One Hira Lal Chatarji was an assistant in charge of the commissariat. A sudden storm filled the bed of a torrent, the Ramgunga, and so separated a detachment of the 93rd from the main body. There was no bridge, and the raging river was not fordable; but the officers on the further side shouted that they could make themselves quite comfortable for the night if they only had some tea and sugar. The Baboo—who, by the way, was a Kulin or high-caste Brahmin of Lower Bengal—tied some tea and sugar in a bundle, put it on his head, and swam the torrent in safety. Natives of Lower and Central Bengal are invariably good swimmers from their early youth. The Highlanders, to their credit, never forgot this timely service by one of an unwarlike race.

The most thrilling story in the whole narrative is headed that of Jamie Green. He was no Scotchman, but a light-coloured Muhammadan, scrupulously dressed, with curly whiskers, a well-developed forehead, aquiline nose, and intelligent eyes. He made his appearance in the English camp towards the end of February 1858, with a pass from Brigadier Adrian Hope, and a letter from Mr. J. W. Sherer, stating that he was Mess Khansaman (butler), and might be allowed to sell cakes to the soldiers. At first his good English, and his evident anxiety to know what was the strength of our force, and what the newspapers said about the health of the newly-arrived troops, seem not to have excited distrust. Let not the reader imagine that there was a deadly poison in the cakes sold by this plausible individual. He was a spy from Lucknow, and, denounced as such by another and greater villain, was, of course, sentenced to be hanged. Kind treatment at the hand of Sergeant Forbes-Mitchell, to whose custody he was consigned previous to execution, elicited from this apparently stoical prisoner his whole history. He had visited England with Jung Bahadur in 1850, and again with Asimullah, the Nana's trusted agent, in 1854-5; and he had obviously returned to India with a firm belief in the decline of Englishmen and England. The confession—in essentials, if not in every detail—breathes the stamp of truth and sincerity; and very significant is the statement that his religious and social feelings were first outraged, and hatred of the English inspired, by the conduct of an arrogant and uneducated English sergeant under whom he had been compelled to serve. The story is far more interesting than many a romance of the Sepoy Mutiny in which the captive is a fair Englishwoman and the captor one Zalim Sing.

Valuable hints for campaigners can be gleaned from these pages. They should take salt with them; for beef and biscuits for three days are served without this necessary condiment. Hot tea is far preferable to grog in the tropics. In storming palaces and forts soldiers should beware of stores of gunpowder purposely left loose by their adversaries in wells and store-rooms. Bows and arrows, in the hands of skilful archers concealed by walls, may cause ugly wounds and death. And our bayonets that bend and our swords that cannot cut through the enemy's *puggrees* are no match for native *tulwars* as sharp as the weapon of Saladin. To some future historian of the Sepoy rebellion these experiences will be invaluable; while an appendix about the harmlessness, the comfort, and the vital necessity of opium may open the eyes of Lord Brassey and his colleagues, if any of them have hitherto failed to realize the fool's errand on which they were sent to the East.

NOVELS.

- Eve's Apple.* By M. Deane. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son.
Jaxet Delille. By E. N. Leigh Fry. 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.
The Surrender of Margaret Bellarmine. By Adeline Sergeant. 2 vols. London: William Heinemann. 1894.
The Raiders. By S. R. Crockett. London: T. Fisher Unwin.
Put o' Niss Tales and One Over. By M. A. D. Bodkin, M.P. Dublin: M. H. Gill.
A Cluster of Nuts. By Katharine Tynan (Mrs. H. A. Hinkson). London: Lawrence & Bullen.

NEVER was an author more impressed by her subject than is Miss Deane by the historical events in which her story is embedded. She describes, declaims, apostrophizes at every turn, and her excited descriptions of life during the French Revolution are only equalled by her agitated retrospective glance at the *ancien régime*. Carlyle is not in the running with her.

If the Revolution were really answerable for her characters and their conversation, an added enormity must be laid to its charge. The story takes place during the last years of the French Revolution. Vivienne de Rosambeau is an exquisitely lovely and frivolous product of the aristocracy, living with her aunt in the ancestral château which they have succeeded in keeping over their heads during the Reign of Terror. She writes a political satire called "The Black Butterfly," and sends it to a friend in Paris. "Presently all Paris had it buttoned into waistcoat pockets, and laughed." Such, indeed, is its success that the giddy young author soon finds herself arrested, as well as her twin-brother, whose name had become connected with it. Vivienne saves her brother by convincing his captors that he is not the young Marquis, but a humble retainer. She explains the family likeness by a subterfuge which compromises her unfortunate aunt, who is nothing if not a model matron, and is intended to personify all the virtues as her niece does the faults of the old system. Devotion to her nephew prevents her from repudiating the innuendo, though it was made in the presence of her lifelong lover, whom the existence of a worthless husband alone prevented her from marrying. This middle-aged idyl, which plays an important secondary part, nearly comes to grief in consequence, as the Duke thinks that "the pall of silence is the discreetest vesture for thought," and, being much too courtly to ask for an explanation, believes the worst. Vivienne and her victimized aunt are taken to Paris under the charge of a Republican Colonel St. Mandé, of an iron exterior, but glowing heart, who is soon plunged into "an agony of love encompassed by a cactus growth of pride" for his lovely young prisoner. After some weeks spent in the Conciergerie, which comes in for highly coloured descriptions, Vivienne is tried and condemned to transportation to Cayenne, in spite of the eloquent speech of an ambitious lawyer who had undertaken her defence. The conception of Vivienne's character is rather brilliant, but the author never leaves it alone, and becomes wearisome with her constant comparisons to butterflies, Sèvres china, elves, and what not. The others are all stage properties. Every one talks in high-flown orations, some by the page together, and the revolutionary characters combine elaborate flowers of speech with brutal directness. This is a sample of the rising lawyer style. He is describing the woman he ends by marrying:—"She is a fine animal, with the beauty of a panther and the soul of a fine pig. She is wicked as an ape and stupid as a cow, with the temper of a vicious mule and the vulgarity of a blue-fly." We have the valet of the Court gentleman, on the other hand, addressing his master's waistcoat in this way:—"Today is the fête day of M. le Duc's heart. The waistcoat covers the heart; it is, therefore, of the first importance in matters of gallantry. One's Mechlin lace notes the gentleman, but one's waistcoat the lover," and so on.

The story of *Janet Delille* will not set the Thames on fire; but, on the other hand, it is better written and thought out than many books which attain immediate notoriety. Men and women are the interest of it rather than the sexes, and, except in the matter of art, which is very much up to date, it does not aim at any startling modernness. It is the old story of the girl with youth and charm gaining the love she does not want, while the woman who is thirsting for it only inspires friendship.

Janet Delille is an artist; her husband, a brilliant painter and worthless man, has died after leading her a wretched life, and the experience which might have embittered her has only developed the sweetness and strength of her character. When the story begins she is living with an attractive girl whom a dying friend has confided to her care, and they lead a happy unconventional existence with many friends, little money, and few anxieties except Katie's power of fascinating penniless artists. Two young men appear upon the scene and flutter the dove-cot, as the least interesting men often do. Captain Monteith is an old friend of Janet's, associated with recollections of a happy girlhood and Scotch moors. We feel at once that he is the romance of her life, and that the revival of their intimacy means a great deal to her. His thoughts, however, are chiefly occupied with guns, till a sight of Katie pursuing a muffin-man down the street fascinates him on the spot and, as it turns out, for ever. They do not meet at once, partly by chance, and partly owing to the schemings of a spirited aunt, who is bent on a match between Janet and her nephew, and is afraid of the consequence if he came across the irresistible younger girl. The field is, therefore, left open to a good-natured young squire, Monteith's greatest friend. He loses no time in falling in love with Katie, and, in spite of their not having one idea in common, she returns his affection. Janet's consternation and her charge's complete satisfaction with her well-dressed commonplace young man are very well described, and at first the marriage seems a complete success. The dulness of a small country house, the prominence

of a prim mother and sister-in-law who are allowed to remain in possession, and we must add (though this is not dwelt on) the stupidity of her husband, soon have a depressing effect on Katie, who misses all the interests and the mild Bohemianism of her London life. Monteith, who is quartered in the neighbourhood, is bewitched by the charms of his friend's young wife, while she finds in him sympathy and perception which the excellent squire is wholly without. The situation becomes critical, but fortunately all the people in the story have the best intentions, and, to do Captain Monteith justice, we think he would have been greatly astonished to find himself behaving in the way attributed to him by the author. Monteith, it must be said, is wooden and heavy, but this would not have mattered if the author had intended it, instead of aiming at a hero.

In *The Surrender of Margaret Bellarmine* Miss Sergeant has revived the sort of heroine who used to play a considerable part in the day-dreams of sentimental schoolgirls twenty years ago. We hoped that the present age, which, with all its faults, has had, at all events, the merit of letting in "the light of common day," had put an end to this species. Beautiful, sad, and yearning Margaret Bellarmine has returned, when the book begins, to her ancestral halls, on the death of a stately husband who treated her with "polite frigidity" and robbed her of her faith. She keeps a locked journal, in which she sets down "the experience of her inner life," and "the subtler mental processes of her understanding." With an unctious which would not be out of place in a Life of St. Catharine, she dwells on her loneliness, her majestic grace, and her glimpses into religion, or rather into the elegant accessories with which it was decked in those aristocratic haunts. Like the immortal Blanche Amory, she bemoans her lot, and she sings elegies over her dead hopes. Her poems, however, which she tells us are "read, quoted, and even clamoured for" by the public, are not quoted in her diary. Religion plays a considerable part in the book, but it is so wanting in reality, and it is so permeated with the atmosphere of a rose-hued boudoir, that it does not make the impression which is intended.

The uninitiated who have not read *The Stickit Minister*, taking up *The Raiders*, might say, after a cursory glance, "Stevenson and Barrie!" and cast it aside, thinking it was not the genuine article. But they would be making a great mistake. It is possible that, if Mr. Stevenson had not created the story of adventures which delight alike the heart of man and boy, the story might never have been written. But this much conceded, we can congratulate ourselves on having another author on whom we can rely to give us a romance of thrilling hazard, but not of a puerile kind; for poetry and fine sensibility have their place in it, and the human element is strongly marked and racy. Mr. Crockett has the gift of making us think that, however astonishing and improbable the events are, he has not invented them. He has seen them, and makes us believe it.

Such is the vitality of the story that, though it takes place in the last century, in the wilds of Galloway, and though it is written in the dialect of the county, the interest never flags for a moment. The dialect, indeed, is a source of the charm; it is so expressive, so vivid, and such an excellent medium for humour and pathos, that it tells its own tale even when, here and there, a word is incomprehensible. As to the plot, the Doone Valley itself did not contain such formidable inhabitants as the outlaws and night-riders, the gipsies and the hillmen, who bristle or lurk against this Galloway horizon. We are transported at the first line into their dread neighbourhood. "It was upon Rathen Head that I first heard their bridle-reins jingling clear." One of the charms of the book is that we are never quite certain of whom the enemy consists. The air seems thick with imminent dangers, which are never too closely defined. The story is told by the young Laird of Rathen, Patrick Heron, who, left at an early age master of himself and his island estate, is able to plunge, to his heart's content and that of his readers', into all the adventures which the wild and lawless times could provide.

We should like to have more of the elder Rathen, every one of whose sayings stamp him as a remarkable man. Of the women we are not so sure. May Mischief has not sufficient mettle for the spirit she shows at first, and she succumbs too soon to a love-sick condition. Though the episode of Eppie and the lost child is pretty and moving enough, it is a little forced. But the death of little Willie, at the hand of the terrible Laird of Lag, and his mother's lament, could not be surpassed for solemn pathos. It is, however, the Galloway country which is the greatest charm of the book. Mr. Crockett does not only describe nature; his writing breathes the very spirit of it, and his descriptions are not only admirable themselves, but they excite the imagination. Whether he is making us hear all the sounds of the water on the sea-locked coast, or live among the rugged hills and moors of the inland

country, his touch is always fresh and original, and we realize that he has his own knowledge and his own secret intimacy with nature.

As the title, *Pat o' Nine Tales and One Over*, suggests, these are all stories of Irish life, except the one over, which contains an exuberant description of the Alhambra and the rural joys of Kent, and is written in verse. The stories are full of sensation, and provide a good supply of crimes, ghosts, and variety entertainment. They cover as large a range of life as a melodrama at Drury Lane, and bring together as pleasing a medley of silken boudoirs and cottage homes, villains and saints, to the accompaniment of revolvers, knives, and whisky. The wilder aspects of Irish life are the best described, and the talk of the peasants is vivid and humorous. The politics are wisely treated too much from the point of view of the picturesque to be taken seriously.

Irish life has also been responsible for *A Cluster of Nuts*, but in every other respect no greater contrast to Mr. Bodkin's rollicking stories and unpretending style could be imagined. "Sketches among my own people" is the description that Miss Tynan (Mrs. H. A. Hinkson) adds to her title, but we cannot help thinking that the sketches are inspired by Miss Tynan's literary tastes rather than by the people themselves. There is a village genius, a shoemaker by trade, whose death in middle age is the cause of a tender survey of his life—there are pathetic scenes of emigrants leaving Ireland, and still more pathetic descriptions of those left behind. The same conscious note is always struck to an accompaniment of responsive nature. We feel that, if the author described the most contrasting scenes, they would present the same grouping to her expectant, sympathetic eyes. The tinge of melancholy which pervades the Irish character adds greatly to its attractiveness, but these short stories are somewhat heavily weighted with sentiment for their slender scale. Nor does the author give us the poetry of realism, the greatness of humble joys and sorrows, but it is in a somewhat sickly and mannered charm she drapes all that she sees. Though the style is too often on the verge of tender twaddle, it does not many times degenerate into absurdities like the following quotation:—"She talked delicious Cork with a soft wail. She was dressed very prettily in artistic colours that brought out her dear brownness."

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH IN POLITICS AND POETRY.

Essays on Questions of the Day. By Goldwin Smith. London: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

Specimens of Greek Tragedy. Translated by Goldwin Smith. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

THE almost simultaneous appearance of these two books by the same author brings out an agreeable characteristic of his on which we were already able to comment some months ago when reviewing his versions from Latin poetry. When Mr. Goldwin Smith was a young man there would have been nothing at all singular in such a juxtaposition. At least a respectable number of the most eminent statesmen of that day were more than passable scholars; and it was rather the exception than the rule for professional scholars to be pretty competent and pretty ardent politicians. Now politicians are, as a rule, ashamed of scholarship, even if (which is not common) they possess it; and scholars, though they are sometimes politicians, show very little aptitude for the philosophical treatment of politics. It may, of course, be nothing but a change of fashion; we rather fear that it is an alteration of intellectual discipline.

It was not strictly necessary, but is none the less decidedly interesting that Mr. Goldwin Smith should define his present position in his preface to the *Essays*. We may put it (in our own words, not his, and without making him responsible for our variation) that he, like Professor Pearson, like the Duke of Argyll, like Sir Mount Stuart Grant-Duff, and like other Liberals of yesterday, occupies a position directly critical of and indirectly hostile to much, if not most, of the Liberalism of to-day. It is not to be supposed, and in the conditions of human nature it could not reasonably be demanded, that these persons should admit themselves to have been wrong in the attitude of their earlier lives. On the contrary, we should say that hardly one of them regrets, or at any rate would admit that he regrets, his support of the reforms and innovations of thirty or forty years ago. According to them, the actual Liberalism, whether Gladstonian or Socialist, has *tourné mal* at a more or less definite time and point, and might have saved itself by continuing in the old route of discouraging privilege without forcing equality, of leaving as much as possible to the orderly and legal efforts of the individual, and of freeing every man from the obligation to do what he does not like without conferring on him in return the power of making others do what he does like. If our purpose were more polemical and less critical than it is, we could, perhaps, point out some reasons for

doubting whether the present views of these persons (who are almost without exception the intellectual salt of Liberalism) do not pretty smartly condemn their earlier views; and whether, while they might justly contend that earlier Liberalism had no business to take this wrong turning, they might not, if they had paid a little attention to history and to human nature, have been pretty certain that it would. And when you foresee that the herd will run violently down a steep place a little further up the road, you do not, if you are wise, break down the gates and fences which make it practically impossible that it shall travel that road at all.

But we are at present tilting with arms of courtesy, not "with sharps"; and we care neither to insist on these general points of difference, nor to pick up a few special gages, rare as it happens, such as a phrase about "butchers like Hodson of Hodson's Horse," which show that Mr. Goldwin Smith sometimes takes things still to be proved, and, as some think, a good deal more than half disproved, as things proven. Like Mr. Pearson's book, on which we had such pleasure in commenting not very long ago, the volume shows how much the political religion of all men of sense is one and the same. In the first Essay, that on "Social and Industrial Revolution," there is hardly a word on which the best Tories and the best Liberals need quarrel. Mr. Goldwin Smith pulls to pieces the idle, and alas! mischievous as idle, figments of the Socialist without any brutality, but steadily and pitilessly. He will hardly carry quite the same consensus with him on "The Question of Disestablishment"; but we note one great admission in it, which almost makes up for all the rest—to wit, that the Irish case was *not* an exceptional one, and that the numerous Liberals who supported Disestablishment then, with loud protestations that never, never did they intend to set any precedent for English Disestablishment, were utterly "out." For one sentence in the earlier of these Essays we would pardon Mr. Smith more than all the heresies that we might detect elsewhere. "Rent," says he, "is neither more nor less than the hire of land; there is no more mystery about it than about the hire of a machine or a horse." And you cannot in any country where there is yet a remnant of sanity left repudiate the payment of the hire of the horse on which you set out to propose on the plea that the lady refused you.

The third Essay, "The Political Crisis in England," is, though not exactly bitter in tone, the bitterest of the whole to read, even for those who, in another than the Pontian sense, can wash their hands of all guilt of contribution to the state of things. Mr. Goldwin Smith shows that we have in successive fits of lightness of heart, of political gambling, established in England a much more unbridled democracy than exists in any other part of the world. And he has the courage which few have had to point out, that if the minority will not *fight* for their rights when the pinch comes, there is no other remedy. For this also far more than we have to forgive might be forgiven. The next, "The Empire," is to a certain extent a personal apologia, and to a still greater extent an attempt to maintain the mid-century Liberal theory of the uselessness, not to say mischievousness, of colonies. That we cannot follow Mr. Goldwin Smith here need hardly be said; but we shall content ourselves with a simple *negatur*. If we cared to add anything, it would be the retort that the rest of his book hardly inspires so much confidence in the other articles of that creed as to make us entertain this one. On the other hand, "The Irish Question" is one of the best Essays in the book. We can find no trace of prejudice whatever, except, perhaps, a very slight objection to the Pope. There is a thorough knowledge of the facts; and it may be observed that the writer's Liberal "Old Leaven" would rather incline him to than against Ireland. The thing is crushing.

The minor Essays require less notice. On "Woman Suffrage" Mr. Goldwin Smith says many sensible things; but he does not notice the argument of despair that the suffrage has been made so valueless as regards the individual, and so mischievously idiotic as regards the total, result that it really does not matter how you extend it further. To vary the famous Greek proverb, we might put it—"When the water has once choked you, it does not much matter what else you drink." On "The Jewish Question" we do not quite take him as impartial; and it has never been made quite clear to our minds that there is a Jewish question as such. On the other hand, "Prohibition in Canada and the United States" may be recommended to every honest and intelligent disciple of Sir Wilfrid Lawson.

But we sincerely hope that this later extremely limited *clientèle* will not be the only one awaiting a book which stands out from the average books of political essays of the time, if not like *Teneriffe* or *Atlas*, at any rate like a pyramid in a realm of sand. It is not faultless; it is not, in parts, free from the trace of ancient prejudice and personal crotchet. But the author *knows*,

in the first place; he can reason, in the second; and we are unable to discover the least taint of self-interest in him, in the third. Of how many of our political doctors, nowadays, can as much be said? We would rather not have a census taken, for the same reason as that which weighs with the Nonconformists of Wales. It would, we fear, expose the nakedness of the land too horribly.

In the other book there is, fortunately, nothing contentious. Mr. Goldwin Smith has exercised the same remarkable skill which he showed in his Latin versions in adopting, for the use of those whose number (as he observes, with a touch of grimness) "will be increased by the dropping of Greek from the academical course," a sufficient number of specimens from the Three Poets. And he has, as in the former case, prefaced these with a short piece of criticism, remarkable for authority, pregnancy, and reticence. There are no "flings" in it; but one may here and there find a dagger-thrust at cant, such as the phrase "We must bear in mind that a condition of Athenian culture was the delegation of industry to the slave." A passage very brief, but very valuable, draws attention to the (if we may so call it) inchoate freshness of political and ethical reflexion in the Greek Drama, and we rather wish that Mr. Smith had added a single sentence (such as he very well knows how to frame) to the effect that, if we have disengaged these thoughts from their almost rough-hewn condition since, and have polished them with familiarity, we have in the very process lost the vividness with which they impress themselves in this early utterance.

Mr. Goldwin Smith has, as we should expect of him, played no pranks with his great originals. The sciolist and the pedant will look in vain here for "Oulumos" or "Klutaimnéstra," much more for those ingenious or "ignoramus" blendings of Greek and English spelling which some good folk have tried. His medium and vehicle is, we think, uniformly the blank decasyllable for dialogue, though in the rare instances where he has attempted the chorus he has tried either ordinary lyric or unrhymed staves. That he can do the former well we knew before, and the following deserves the Aristophanic adverb of *κομψευριστικῶς* in another than ironical sense—

Breezes, breezes of the sea,
Whither will ye carry me?
For what house of slavery
Bound across the foam am I
In the flying barque? A
thrall,
Whom shall I my master call?
Shall I go to Dorian strand,
Or to the far Philitian land,
Where stream far-famed,
through fruitful meads
Apidanus his waters leads,
Borne, hapless one, across the
brine
All my life long in bonds to
pine?
Or to the isle where legends say
The new-born palm and sacred
bay
Over Latona's child-bed throes
Divine, to grace and shelter
rose.

Shall I with the Delian maids
Chant thy bow, thy golden
braids,
Artemis, or ply the loom
A handmaid, Pallas, in thy
home,
There broider on thy robe the
car
That bears thee glorious to the
war,
Or conquering Zeus, whose
thunder hurled
The Titans to the under world?
Alas for sire and child, my dear
ones all,
For that fallen city wrapped
in smoky pall.
Asia is Europe's slave; I leave
her shore
Wedded to death, a slave for-
evermore.

There seems to be no fault here except in the clashing of the two "fars" in lines 8 and 9.

But Mr. Smith holds (and we certainly shall not differ with him) that "the choric odes hardly lend themselves to translation." They do not, for alien lyric measures deprive them of one part of their special charm, while prose version necessarily deprives them of another and larger part. We gather from one or two phrases that Mr. Goldwin Smith, while "not disputing," does not entirely or enthusiastically share, that exaltation of the best choruses of the tragedians, and especially of *Æschylus*, above all other ancient poetry, in which some (and we own to the soft impeachment of being among them) indulge. For ourselves, we know no higher poetry than, and little as high as, the best choric passages of the *Agamemnon*, of the *Eumenides*, of the *Prometheus*, and (at a very slightly lower level) of the best plays of *Sophocles*. But in reviewing Mr. Goldwin Smith's Latin anthology of translation, we noted the distinct upcropping in him of a certain eighteenth-century vein of sympathy, and the eighteenth century was notoriously less fond of the more mystical and stormy graces of the Hellenic muse than of her Roman sister, *simplex munditiis*. Yet few living Englishmen have done a greater service to Greek poetry, by making its most remarkable section in some degree accessible to those defrauded weanlings whom our modern folly is shutting out from the best of all educations.

CALENDAR OF STATE PAPERS—COLONIAL SERIES.

Calendar of State Papers—Colonial Series, America and West Indies, 1675-1676. Also Addenda, 1574-1674. Preserved in the Public Record Office. Edited by W. Noel Sainsbury. London: Stationery Office.

THIS seventh volume of the Colonial Calendars and fourth of the West Indian and American is divided into two parts. The second and longer of the two continues the Calendar from the point where it was left by the previous volume in 1674 and carries it on to the end of 1676. The first is devoted to papers of earlier date, which, being hidden away in different recesses of the Public Records, had hitherto escaped notice. "Some years have elapsed," says Mr. Sainsbury, "since the publication of the first volume, and during that time many colonial records have been brought together from various sources which had been overlooked or misplaced." If Mr. Sainsbury had said "many years" and "several records," his statement would not have been less accurate, for the rate of publication of these Calendars is not rapid. For this we are sure that no blame attaches to Mr. Sainsbury, only, as the Spaniards say, *cosas de palacio van despacio*. A Government office must do things *reposedamente*, with dignity, which, as everybody knows, is inconsistent with speed. The leisurely progress of the series may even be accounted for by the remarkable fulness with which the documents are summarized. A captious critic, indeed, might complain that they are given at unnecessary length. A Calendar is an index, a guide to contents, not a publication of them. On the other hand, the copiousness of Mr. Sainsbury's summaries makes them the better reading, and all who have had occasion to consult the originals, know how thoroughly the work of reproducing their contents has been done. None the less we have our doubts as to the practical wisdom of so much detail. This volume contains, in addition to the Supplement, the transactions of two years only—1675 and '76. It is much more than two years since the last volume appeared. At this rate of progress, it will be 2000, or later, before the Papers for 1740 are reached, and whoever wishes to know what exists for that period must go to the Record Office to find out. But, if we have to go to the Record Office to find out, why should we be tantalized by the promise of a printed Calendar? It must not be forgotten that no scholar will consider that a summary, however good he may be convinced it is, exempts him from the obligation of consulting the original. Very full summaries are right enough in the case of papers at Simancas which are remote, but not for documents which can be easily seen on any day in Fetter Lane.

In the meantime here the summaries are, and they afford a great deal of interesting reading. They begin with several documents referring to, or written by, Sir Humphrey Gilbert. Mr. Sainsbury, we see, spells "Gylberte"—we do not know why. Sir John Humphrey's brother, and Lady Anne his wife, are spelt Gilberte or Gilbert in the Papers. Mr. Sainsbury himself, in his preface, spells Raleigh and Hawkins, not Raleigh or Hawkyns. Then why Gylberte? Let us have one thing or the other. Let us either spell a man's name as he spelt it himself, or in the various ways in which he spelt it at different times (a not rare case), or let us adopt the sensible rule. This, of course, is to follow the spelling of our own time, whenever we are not reproducing a *man verbatim* and *literatim*, for the sake of the form. The Elizabethan spelling was fluid, and Sir Humphrey followed the practice of his own time with his name as he did with other nouns substantive. Gylberte, Hawkyns, Davys, and Raleigh or Rawley or Raghley, or Digbye, are no more tolerable than Woollage, or Plimmouth, or Sandrudg would be. By the way, it appears that Sir John Digby, the first Earl of Bristol, who figures pretty frequently in the earlier Papers, here spelt his name Jhon Digbye. If Digbye, then why not Jhon? And did Sir Humphrey Gilbert spell his Christian name always in the modern way? But our business at present is not to hunt out Wardour Street Gothic, but to give some account of the documents summarized in this Calendar. One of Gilbert's—which, by the way, has been quoted before—is a letter full of those complaints of poverty, of money spent in her service for no return, and of pecuniary embarrassment, so common with Elizabeth's servants. A curious feature of this set of Papers is the application of "Recusants" to be allowed to accompany Sir Humphrey "upon discharge of the penalties due to her Majesty; also those not able to pay the same, provided they pay when able to do so." This application is to be found in a petition by Sir Thomas Gerard and Sir George Peckham in 1582. It shows that the hope which drew the Pilgrim Fathers, the Roman Catholic colonists taken to Maryland by the Calverts, and the Portuguese Jews of Brazil across the Atlantic, was working largely among those who found a difficulty in conforming. Indeed, it went on working long. In 1675 the first Earl of Shaftesbury is found

telling his "very affectionate friend Andrew Percival, at St. Giles Plantation on Ashley River," that "Jacob Waite, and two or three other families called Quakers, come in his lordship's dogger, harbingers of a great number that intend to follow." Shaftesbury took a great interest in the settlement of Carolina, and found the Quakers good colonists. Among the Supplementary Papers, there are several which deal with the conquest, and settlement of Jamaica. No. 230, for instance, contains the vigorous instructions to "Richard Fortescue, Major-General of the Forces in America," telling him what ought to be done, and ending with "whereas all particulars cannot be foreseen . . ." he is to "so dispose of the forces under his command that the Commonwealth receive no detriment." A few pages further on comes a letter from Major Robert Sedgwick announcing that "Major-Gen. Fortescue died after they had been here 20 days, and many of the other commanders are dead or very sick. 50 of the new soldiers that came with him are dead, and two captains, one lieutenant, and two ensigns, and their colonel and lieutenant-colonel sick." Sedgwick "fears that no account of the States stores here will ever be attained to in this world." Things were in a terrible state of confusion. Sedgwick expresses his dislike of "this kind of marooning cruising West India trade of plundering and burning of towns, though it hath been long practised in these parts, yet is not honourable for a princely navy, neither was it, I think, the work designed, though perhaps it may be tolerated at present." This was in 1655, and the "marooning cruising West India trade" went on for many a year. Sedgwick wrote in November of 1655. In June of '56 Captain Godfrey, of the *Marmaduke*, who appears to have been addicted to a florid style, is found writing that they were deprived "by the pale hand of death" of Major-General Sedgwick, and that "Mortality has not left off to reign here." By 1658 we had become acclimatized, and Cornelius Burrough writes that it is now "as strange for a man to die as formerly to live." There are various notices of Colonel d'Oyley, to whom more than to any other man the success of the settlement in Jamaica was due—all to his honour. We may point out, also, some interesting notices of Christopher Myngs, no doubt the Admiral who fell in the second Dutch war, and whose funeral is the subject of a famous story in Pepys. He appears to have got into a dispute about breaking into a prize. He writes to justify his conduct in a letter which is a curious specimen of the intricate tangle into which the seventeenth century could tie its sentences (297).

The settlements on the Continent occupy a larger proportion in this than in earlier volumes of the series. They were beginning to grow into an importance which overshadowed the islands by 1674. There are many documents about Bacon's rebellion in Virginia, and others of great interest which deal with King Philip's war. We do not know whether "Captain" Wyborne's account of things in 1673 (in Massachusetts) is in print or not. It may be, for the Calendar does not give information of that kind, as it, in our opinion, should. But the following account of the dealings of the Godly people of New England with the heathen is so curious that we shall quote it:—

'The chief, if not only, cause of the Indians making war upon the English is the tyrannical government of the Massachusetts (*sic*), who make a law that every Indian coming into their towns (which they daily did in great numbers to trade) who was drunk should pay 10s. or be tied to a gun and whipped. The Indians are great lovers of all sorts of strong liquors, and would not leave that pleasure notwithstanding the lash. The Boston magistrates, building a fort on a small island that commands the harbour, and wages being very great, ordered that for drunkenness the Indians should not be whipped, but should be transported to this island to work for ten days, which the poor natives greatly complained of, still offering the whip rather than to be transported; but nothing would prevail with their taskmasters, and, which was yet more barbarous, when the Indians had wrought at this hard labour nine days, some persons were sent over to the island with runlets of rum and brandy to entice them to drink to excess, and then they must stay ten days longer; which wicked practice was so long continued that at the time of the said Captain being at Boston there were some hundreds of Indians there at work, many whereof had been by the practice aforesaid kept about nine months; which barbarous usage made not only those poor sufferers but the other Indians vow revenge.'

Notices of the settlement in Carolina are frequent, and there is a good deal about Newfoundland. We had already difficulties as to the fishery with the French, and there are notices of many efforts made to control the so-called planters of the island, whose sole industry seems to have been the selling of bad spirits to the fisherman. A curious proposal made by one Ball, at Leghorn, is found in No. 569. Mr. Ball had a scheme for transplanting the

"Mainotti, who are the inhabitants of the famous Morea," and were about that time (1675) much harried by the Turks, to America. It was laid aside as a matter of too great charge.

The West Indian Papers contain nothing so interesting as the Buccaneer expeditions recounted in the last—nor so amusing as the story of the kidnapping of the Governor, Sir Thomas Modyford, by the King's orders. Sir Thomas turns up again as Chief Justice, and his faithful Sir Henry Morgan as Lieutenant-Governor. Sir Henry appears behaving with the strictest propriety, and protesting to Secretary Williamson that, "having ever loved obedience to his superiors, (he) will never presume to break his orders." It was, no doubt, mere prejudice which caused Governor Lord Vaughan to report to the same correspondent that Sir Henry Morgan has made his authority cheap at the port by gaming and drinking in taverns. Some enemy, too, invented other stories about correspondence with the "privateers." Sir Henry's career was coming to an end in 1676. It is painful to have to record that he seems to have fallen out with his old crony, Sir Thomas, for he is found distinctly encouraging one Blagge, who brought charges of treason against that worthy. One is always faintly reminded of Amory, alias Altamont, refusing to part with money to his wife, but offering anybody a lock of his hair, when one comes across Sir Henry Morgan. Then another phase of West Indian life comes up in a series of papers which tell how Colonel Philip Warner was accused, apparently on good evidence, of what looks like a hideous massacre of Indians in the island of Dominica, one of the victims being his own half-brother, a son of his father by an Indian slave. Warner produces witnesses to assert that "Indian Warner" was never reputed to be the old man's son, is brought home, imprisoned in the Tower, sent back for trial in Barbadoes, acquitted by a jury of his countrymen—and deprived of his commission by the King. He was probably guilty; but he helped to extend the Empire. The squabbles with the Spaniards went on briskly. There is a story told by one Darbey of a Don Philip Fitz-Gerald, the same who is elsewhere called Geraldino, no doubt. This Spanish-Irishman, it seems, sailed into Havannah with several Englishmen swinging at the yardarm. Darbey says so, and his story is confirmed by several Spaniards present at his examination. It was lucky for them that their memory played them no tricks. We hear much of efforts to obtain redress for one Cooke, whose ship had been taken by Geraldino. The Spanish Government answered with dilatory pleas or promises of compensation, and, when it was pushed to the wall, by diplomatic variations on the simple vernacular theme "You're another." It appears that the Spaniards took some twelve hundred of our merchant ships, first and last, in these disputes, so that the plundering was not all on one side. There are notices of the proposed revolt of the Coromantin negroes, a famous incident in Jamaican history, and its betrayal by the female slave Fortuna, who was rewarded for her services by freedom. It is to be noted that towards the end of the volume we hear of the progress of the French in the West Indies. Henceforward they, and not the Spaniards, were to be our rivals. There are some notices of the "Spirits," though not so many as in former volumes. It is one of the merits of that curiously mixed and enigmatical person Shaftesbury that he exerted himself vigorously to suppress these rascally kidnappers. Yet as late as 1676 we find the case of one John Luntly, who "was enticed on board a ship commanded by Captain Bolton, carried to Barbadoes, and there sold to Captain Thornhill." Luntly's mother has died, leaving him a "competent estate," and it is prayed that the King may "order" Colonel "Thornhill to receive back the price paid for Luntly, and permit him to return home." His Majesty, "much disapproving the manner of his conveyance," agrees to the petition. The Spirits flourished greatly at Bristol, whereof the bricks were not cemented only with the "blood of niggers."

THE HISTORY OF HUMAN MARRIAGE.

The History of Human Marriage. By Edward Westermarck. New edition. London: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

A NEW edition of Mr. Westermarck's *History of Human Marriage*, originally published in 1891, reminds us that his careful and laborious work has still to be noticed here. Till quite recently students, from Aristotle downwards, regarded the human family, man and wife and children, as a "natural" and original institution. Sir Henry Maine took up human history with the patriarchal family, and *patria potestas*. Very early observers, from Herodotus downwards, had remarked occasional exceptions to the ordinary rule, such as cases in which family names were derived from the mother. Again, the legends of many races,

Athenians, Chinese, Hindoos, Australians, spoke of a time when women ran wild, and of a legislator, as Cecrops, who introduced marriage. In ancient myths exist traces of a kind of feminine superiority, indicated by the predominance of goddesses over gods, and by the eponymous female ancestors in Greece. Working on all this material, Bachofer published *Das Mutter-Recht*, with a theory of a change from original promiscuity to more settled conditions, this change being caused by the instinctive morality of the fair sex. Then came Mr. McLennan, who started from the ceremony of capture in marriage. This custom led him to examine cases of actual wife-stealing. This he looked on as caused by the scarcity of women within a group, and that scarcity again was caused by female infanticide, while it produced an aversion to marrying within the group of blood descent on one side, and polyandry, or many husbands to one wife, on another. But hence would arise ignorance of, or rather doubt concerning, fatherhood, and therefore the group-name would be derived through the mother. Mr. McLennan thus explained the origin of forbidden degrees. No man might marry a woman of his own family name, because there had once been so few women within the group to marry. Mr. McLennan also invented the theory of Totemism; the groups were each named from their crest and protecting animal, plant, or other object. All men named Crane, or Bear, or Wolf were legally akin, took up the blood-feud for their brethren in the Crane or the Bear, and might not intermarry, if Cranes, with a Crane; if Bears, with a Bear. Thus understood, human society began in hordes, mainly promiscuous. The members of each group were bound together by local ties, and instinctive but not explicitly realized blood-ties. Female infanticide, in each group, reduced the number of women; women had to be stolen from abroad; next, it became unholy to marry women within the group. Heterogeneity was thus introduced; in each group were Cranes, Bears, Wolves. They might marry, a Crane with a Wolf, and so on; thus actual capture became superfluous. But polyandry, and the derivation of names through the mother, long survived, even where male kindred (as in some Australian tribes) was recognized. Traces of this remote past were found in civilized races, in the Royal descent through women among the Picts, in the ceremony of capture, in the Levirate, in fragments of Totemism.

These ideas, highly original and ingenious, were the impulse to fresh researches by others. Thus, as to original promiscuity and the horde, we find Mr. Westermarck arguing, after Darwin, that among the higher animals the union of male and female endures till after the birth of children, and that the male parent, notably the gorilla and orang-utan, does his share in nest-building, in guarding the home, and in providing food. All this means matrimony, not promiscuity; moreover, jealousy exists among the males. If human beings originally had a pairing season, as Mr. Westermarck argues at some length, his theory—that marriage is a human inheritance from a lower animal condition—becomes the more plausible. Mr. Westermarck denies that man originally lived in hordes; such families as those of the orang-utan, Fuegians, and Veddahs seem to him more probable. Thus he makes the whole hypothesis of early promiscuity look rather incredible; and he throws much doubt on the supposed origin of immoral customs which have been recognized as survivals of promiscuity. Mr. Morgan's "classificatory system" seems to him, as to Mr. McLennan, a system of nomenclature, not of blood-ties, and thus no proof of promiscuity in the past. A man calls his aunts "mothers," as he calls his uncles "fathers." Now he can be in no doubt about who is his mother. Yet we see no way in which the descent of names, property, and the blood-feud through women can be explained except by the uncertainty about paternity. The "matriarchal" system is not, indeed, universal among the lowest races, but it is emphatically more archaic than the paternal system. Where it exists, or has notoriously existed, it does point to a past when it needed a wise child to know his own father. This is not quite Mr. Westermarck's opinion, but his other possible causes of female descent do not, to us, carry conviction. However, the question is one of those which may be argued either way. Mr. Westermarck decides that the hypothesis of promiscuity "is essentially unscientific." *L'homme est un méchant animal*; and we are not so certain that Mr. Westermarck is right. But he has certainly shaken the theory of promiscuity as an institution.

There is no such instinct in animals, but they do not decay, in a state of nature, from interbreeding. Again, the normal rule not to marry within the Totem name permits men to marry their paternal sisters. As to the supposed "psychical impossibility" of sexual love between near kin, there is no such impossibility at all. We need not go so far as the Annamese to be convinced of that melancholy fact. The civilized "instinct" is mainly the result of the ancient unwritten law; and what is the origin of the ancient

law? Mr. McLennan's theory is inadequate. Granting that women were scarce, it could never be a sin to marry such women as were at hand. Besides, the cause of the supposed scarcity—namely, female infanticide—is said not to be so prevalent as to produce the alleged result. To urge that savages perceived the evils of breeding-in, and therefore abstained, is to credit them with an acuteness and a forethought which they do not possess. Nor would one tribe which chanced not to breed-in discover that another tribe had decayed because it did breed-in, and so develop an instinctive abhorrence of the practice. There is no such instinct; there is only tradition and custom. A little child is checked for talking about marrying his sister; he finds that the thing is regarded as a stark impossibility. Among the degraded of civilization, and among people like the Annamese, we see that the "psychical impossibility" does not exist.

Among some races, as the Kanakas, a man may not look at or speak to his sister. The unwritten law is very stringent, but what is the origin of the unwritten law? We really have no idea. It is to be remarked, however, that, widely speaking, the most archaic law of forbidden degrees is the Totemistic. A Crane in South Australia may not marry a Crane from Queensland, though there is no blood-tie traceable. Now, as we have previously argued, this crime of endototemic marriage is a religious crime—a sin, a sin against the Totem. It is occasionally at least punished by death, and the death penalty is most rarely inflicted on a fellow-tribesman, except for the murder of a person of his own Totem. Marriage within the Totem is a sin of the same kind and degree. The danger of interbreeding does not explain this—there is no such danger. "Instinct" and "psychical impossibility," if they existed, do not explain it; there can be no instinctive psychical objection in the mind of a South Australian Crane to a girl, a total stranger, a Crane from Queensland. Thus the law against intermarriage between persons in no way related, but of the same Totem, seems to us to be part of the general Totemistic taboo, the origin of which is beyond knowledge, and perhaps beyond conjecture. Once established, the taboo would develop, on various lines, into laws of forbidden degrees. At all events, Mr. Westermarck's conclusions on this point seem to us baseless. The key of "natural selection" opens many locks, not this lock. What we find is not "aversion on the part of individuals to union with others with whom they lived." What we find is a solemn prohibition to marry a woman of a man's mother's Totem, wherever she lives. If it be alleged that this law sprang from an aversion—a natural aversion—to camp-mates, why does the aversion not extend to girls of the father's Totem?

No brief notice can well give an idea of the field over which Mr. Westermarck ranges, and of his extensive learning in his subject. On the whole, he concludes that women have been gradually triumphing over "the passions, the prejudices, and the selfish interests of men." We wonder what their next triumph is likely to be. The overthrow of marriage altogether?

GARRICK.

David Garrick. A Biography. By Joseph Knight. With Etched Portrait, by W. Boucher, from a Painting by Gainsborough. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co. (Lim.) 1894.

THE foremost of English actors certainly does not lack biographers. "Tom" Davies, Arthur Murphy, J. Boaden, Percy Fitzgerald, and Joseph Knight have recounted his life in full official form; while Boswell, Tate Wilkinson, and Forster have furnished many telling sketches. Mr. Knight, who is a sound dramatic critic of long experience, has already supplied to *The Dictionary of National Biography* a very full and unimpeachable account of the actor, remarkable for its precise accuracy and compression. Of this the present memoir might be considered a sort of expansion. Nearly all the theatrical memoirs in this gigantic collection have come from the same hand; and it may be said that every fact and date may be accepted with perfect reliance on Mr. Knight's well-known scrupulousness in such matters.

At one time Mr. Forster intended undertaking a Life of the actor. Through his wife he had come into possession of the vast mass of Garrick correspondence and other papers which are now to be seen in his library at South Kensington. These, it is true, are scarcely so valuable as they appear; for most have been printed in Boaden's bulky volumes, and have been used by Forster himself in his various works. No doubt he would have been inspired by the subject, and the work would have been a fitting pendant for his fascinating *Life and Adventures of Oliver Goldsmith*. He, however, very liberally handed over his materials to his

friend Mr. Percy Fitzgerald. Forster's fine critical instinct and laborious training, together with his knowledge of the period, would have stood him in good stead. It was indeed time that some memorial should have been attempted. Tom Davies's volumes are interesting and perfectly unaffected. Murphy's is a turgid performance, amusing from its florid bursts, but valueless from its emptiness of facts and details. Both, however, knew Garrick intimately. Boaden's account is strangely rhapsodical, but he had the advantage of knowing persons who had been intimate with the great actor.

Mr. Knight's work was originally intended to form part of a series projected by Mr. Archer, intended apparently to serve as handbooks to the stage. In these manuals are found, set out with accuracy and faithfulness, every particular and date. Though Mr. Knight has issued his volume in independent form, it still reflects the influence of the original somewhat arid conditions; as, indeed, he frankly tells us, his aim was only to supply "the leading facts of Garrick's career, making no pretension to furnish full information concerning the scenes and characters amidst which he dwelt, or to chronicle the stories that have been invented concerning him." This would seem rather a limited view to take, and very much that of the wonderful and laborious Rev. Mr. Geneste. Garrick was a highly picturesque figure, many-sided and many coloured. Any glimpses we have of him in the memoirs or biographies—whenever, in short, he appears off the stage—show him as bright, dramatic, and engaging. Mr. Archer's system is well enough, but carried out it would make dramatic biography "little better than an old (*Era*) almanac." It should be remembered that a chief portion of a great actor's influence and popularity is owing to force of character, and to personal gifts not exhibited on the stage. It will be found that the great performers who have filled the public eye have owed much to this sympathetic interest, whilst mere actors, however excellent, enjoy but the success of esteem; and it is so in other professions. We need only point to the instances of Kemble and his gifted sister, to Kean, Sarah Bernhardt, and the present manager of the Lyceum—all picturesque, interesting figures. We remember Mr. Forster inveighing, in his tempestuous style, against the mendacities and exaggerations of Tate Wilkinson; but it always seemed to us, after leaving due margin for the rather pitiful nature of this mimic, that he gave a very faithful picture of Garrick. The vivacious incoherence of his style is forcible in its way; and the touches of human nature are often admirable. The scene of Garrick at rehearsal, his remarks attended by the obsequious laughter of his corps, is admirable. A new, well-edited edition of this amusing book has been often talked of, but always adjourned.

It is sometimes forgotten that our great actor was the son of a Frenchman, while his mother was Irish—a combination which may account for the strain of vivacity or brilliancy which pervaded his nature. David was born at an inn in Hereford—the "Angel"; but, as a sagacious waiter remarked to the elder Mathews—he was attending him in Lichfield—"You know, sir, he should have been born here, for it was only by an accident that his father found himself in Hereford." This was said at that delightful old Johnsonian inn, the "Three Crowns." The family was called La Garrigue, not "Garric" or "Garrique," as Mr. Knight would seem to think. A Warwickshire gentleman spells the name "Garwick," misled, no doubt, by the pronunciation of the word Warwick. The author of *Paul Pry*, in a letter now before us, mentions an actress of the name who was playing in France about the year 1860. The well-known colonial Minister is, we believe, descended from Peter, David's brother. Many years ago we can recall at Richmond two Miss Garricks, who were of the actor's family, and who were in possession of, literally, "trunkfuls" of the actor's papers.

Little is known of Garrick's first appearance on the stage save the meagre tradition that he repaired to Ipswich with a company, and made his first attempt under an assumed name, in Aboan, a character in *Oronooko*. We can supply a few interesting details. From some old bills that have been preserved, it would appear that he performed in a regular round of characters for a couple of months, thus regularly going into training for the stage. In June 1741 we find such characters as Lord Foppington, Lakeit, Sir Harry Wildair, Chamont, and Orestes, all set down without the name of any performer being given, though those of the others are supplied. Lakeit was a part in his own burlesque of *Lethe*. In the following month we find him busily at work under the name of Lyddall for the benefit of Mr. Marr and Miss Hipplesey. "By a company of comedians from the theatre in London at the Playhouse in Tankard Street on Tuesday, 21st of July, will be performed a comedy called *The Inconstant*; or, *the Way to Win Him*. Young Mirabel by

Mr. Giffard, Captain Duretete by Mr. Lyddall, Bizarre by Miss Hipplesey." This was followed by a pantomime dance, *The Drunken Peasant*. The whole concluded with Garrick's piece, *Lethe*, "as it was performed last winter at his theatre in Goodman's Fields with great applause," in which the author played the two characters of Ventrebieu and Sir Roger Rakeit. "To begin exactly at seven o'clock. Tickets to be had and places to be taken at Mr. Rook's, opposite the theatre."

There is a picture of the little theatre which almost exactly suggests "a barn" or disused coachhouse. It was restored and remodelled about the beginning of the century. Visiting Ipswich lately, attracted by its Pickwickian traditions, we found the old house still standing, but still used for a sort of theatrical performance, being in the hands of the Salvation Army. Goodman's Fields, in the Minories, where the actor made his first London appearance, has long since disappeared. Some fifty years ago it was in use as a warehouse. The width of the stage was only thirty feet, so the house must have been a very small one. Another interesting building at Lichfield is the venerable Bishop's Palace, once the dwelling of Gilbert Walmesley, where the young David came often, was much petted, and "got up" plays. Not long since in Dublin we were looking at a fragment of the old wall of Smock Alley Theatre, where he had performed to tumultuous applause now more than a hundred and fifty years ago. The house in Southampton Street, Strand, No. 32, in which the actor lived for over thirty years, seems to be in serious peril; for its neighbour, with others close by, have been levelled. His fine mansion in the Adelphi Terrace still stands. His old friend Johnson's house in Gough Square is now menaced. Indeed, all such interesting relics are in a parlous way, and in a few years will have disappeared.

Garrick's life is full of the most interesting and dramatic episodes, which Mr. Knight's self-denying programme has compelled him to pass by. Among them there is none more piquant than the incident of Mrs. Siddons's first engagement and its rather disastrous issue. She herself has laid her failure to the account of Garrick's jealousy or dislike, or to his dread of the other stage ladies; but the real cause surely was her own weakness and lack of confidence. Coming from Bath, where she was "a star," she was overpowered in that splendid company at Drury Lane. With Portia—a fine part; we have seen what Miss Terry has made of it—she could do little or nothing. On the public she made slight impression. Yet all through the manager gave her much encouragement. She was considered to be a sort of "pet" of his. The rather dramatic incidents of her engagement may be found in the appendix to the *Lives of the Kembles*, and in some interesting letters, published a few years ago, in the *Athenaeum* and in the *Theatre*. Mr. Knight very fully discusses the mysterious patronage of the fair dancer by the Burlington family; but he may not know that the settlements are still in existence, and show that the bride received from Lord Burlington a portion of 7,000*l*.

Certain meannesses or pettinesses—spots on an otherwise really fine and generous nature—have perplexed Garrick's contemporaries and biographers. These defects were, however, merely superficial, and are not inconsistent with his finer qualities. Like most admired and much-flattered persons, he expected a certain deference—and, perhaps, humouring—from those he was inclined to favour. This the jealous and more independent were disinclined to concede to him, and this he would interpret as hostility. His liberality in giving away large sums, while he was stingy in trifles, is a seeming contradiction often found in really liberal men.

Mrs. Garrick survived her "Davy" over thirty years, living to a patriarchal age. There is likely to be no one now alive who can have seen her, though a few years back there were a few, such as Mr. Planché and the late Frank Fladgate, the father of the Garrick Club, who had known her. There is an etching of her in her decay, done by one of the Cruikshanks. She seems to have become a rather disagreeable person as she waxed old, as was shown by her behaviour in the matter of her husband's funeral, which she directed to be carried out on a scale of ridiculous extravagance, and then refused to pay the charges. Johnson scoffed at the notion of there being mourning coaches with six horses apiece; but a reference to the programme shows that this was actually the case.

Since the appearance of the last biography, more than twenty years ago, fresh materials have been accumulating. Mr. Knight, we note, has made abundant use of Lichtenberg's sketches—which were first translated by the late Earl of Lytton. Dr. Campbell's Diary, so curiously unearthed in one of the colonies, contains some graphic pictures. New letters of Garrick himself are constantly turning up, and Mr. Morison's

splendid collection, so liberally placed at the service of literary men, has many specimens.

In conclusion, we must thank Mr. Knight for his conscientious labour, as well as for his selection of the unfamiliar and spirited portrait by Gainsborough, with which he has set off his volume.

THE ARABIAN HORSE.

The Arabian Horse: his Country and People. With Portraits of typical or famous Arabians. By Major-Gen. W. Tweedie, C.S.I., formerly H.B.M.'s Consul-General at Bagdad. London: Blackwood. 1894.

IT has been recently calculated that at least 3,800 complete works, written in the various languages of the civilized world, have been devoted to the study and description of the horse, and to this formidable array of literature must now be added General Tweedie's splendid contribution to the history of the Arab horse. This fascinating subject has occupied the attention of many travellers through the native country of that noble animal, but we think it may be safely said that no writer on the Arab horse has approached the consideration of him with such knowledge as General Tweedie possesses, and that very few men have had such opportunities of acquiring information, at first hand, on the spot. At a very early age General Tweedie found himself engaged in the Indian Mutiny. He was wounded, and it seems that his genuine love of the horse dates from that time, when the shadow of the noble animal protected him from the sun's rays during the mid-day halt, and the horse's armpits served as foot warmers for him in cold wet nights; later he took part in the expedition to Abyssinia, and finally he became Consul-General at Bagdad. During the whole of his official life he has been brought in personal contact with the Arab horse and his people, and at Bagdad his position as "Beg" helped him to make inquiries which reached from Diarbekir in the north to Yemen in the south; his proficiency in Arabic enabled him to make all such inquiries at first hand. His own personal information is supplemented from the writings of other travellers, from the great Niebuhr at the end of the last century to Mr. Doughty in 1879, and we have before us in General Tweedie's work a complete up-to-date statement on the Arab horse.

The original home of the horse has been generally supposed to be the country which forms the highlands of Asia, about the 40th degree of latitude, and recent authorities report that herds of wild horses are still to be seen in certain parts of Western Mongolia and Northern Tibet. From time immemorial this country has been favourable to the growth of horses, and it has ever been famous for the number and excellence of its studs. At a very early date, which we may express in several thousands of years before Christ, the horse was taken westwards, and it is self-evident how useful the nomad tribes of the Arabian peninsula would find an animal which, like the camel, could fare hardly, but, unlike the camel, could cover the ground rapidly, and enable them to make swift attacks in time of war. The Babylonians used horses in their expeditions, and without them the Assyrians, whose kings warred yearly, could never have made themselves masters of Western Asia. The cuneiform characters which are used to express the word horse mean literally the "animal (or ass) of the East," and this shows that, although Sargon of Assyria (B.C. 721) specially mentions "Egyptian horses" among his possessions at the earliest period of the history of the Babylonians, they obtained the horse from the East. In Egypt, however, the horse is not found depicted on the monuments until about B.C. 1600, but once introduced there, the warrior kings of the XVIIIth and XIXth Dynasties would find themselves equipped with a means for rapid locomotion such as they never enjoyed before. Without the horse "Pharaoh and his horsemen" could never have given Egypt her far-lying provinces in Asia. In Nubia the horse was appreciated and loved, and it is a somewhat startling fact to find in a hieroglyphic inscription the statement that when Piankhi, the Ethiopian invader of Egypt, had captured the stores and treasury of his foe Nimrod, he went into the stables, and finding that the horses had suffered from hunger, he burst into a rage and said, "I swear by my life, and by my beloved Râ, that to have kept my horses hungry is more heinous in my sight than any other offence which thou hast committed against me." The country which General Tweedie defines as the native land of the Arab horse includes the Arabian peninsula, the lands about the Tigris and Euphrates, and the Damascus district; whether this kind of horse is indigenous, or a modification of some imported stock, will, we think, form matters for discussion for some time yet. All Arab horses are asserted to be descended from a fabulous mare called "Kuhailat of the old woman," or from Al-khamsa; no Arab knows or cares when the old woman lived, and *Al-khamsa* means "the five"—i.e., the five

great central and parallel lines of blood in which Bedouin Arabs consider all their established stream of horses now to run. The Kuhailan horses may be generally distinguished by a dark blue tinge in the skin, and, speaking broadly, we may describe them as thoroughbred. The Arab horse depends for his nature and characteristics upon the country in which he lives and the people with whom he lives, and many of the best specimens possess very human qualities. It must never be forgotten, though, that the Arab is a warrior, and the Arab horse a warrior's horse; and an old saying runs, "The horseman makes the horse." A comparison of the Arab with other varieties of horses shows him to be small; but, apart from the generous defence of the Arab by an Australian horseman, printed by General Tweedie on p. 171, we are able to say, from experience, that for soundness, endurance, temper, and courage a good Arab is the equal of any horse living, though it is freely admitted that he falls behind an English racehorse in speed.

After discussing the Arab horse and his home, and the Aeniza and Shammar tribes who breed him, General Tweedie gives us a description, and pictures, of the Bedouin riding-halter, bit and bridle, saddle, spur and stirrup, and shoe and nail, with expert remarks on the same; but the equestrian character of the Arab is lost when we read that there is "no science in desert horsemanship," and that the Arab "is carried, but it cannot be said that he rides." Although General Tweedie destroys our belief in the bull's head which was said to be a birth-mark on Alexander's horse Bucephalus, by showing that the correct spelling should be Bucephalus, from the name of a celebrated breed of Thessalian horses, we rejoice to find that we may still keep our faith in the poetic love and care which the Arab lavishes upon his mare (see p. 221); for, although the Arab will ride her to death on an emergency, or till, as Antar says, she is clothed in a garment of blood, yet she lives with him in his tent, and sleeps with him, and feeds with him, and is even more to him than a member of his family. The last, but probably the most important, part of General Tweedie's book is the Glossarial Index, which forms a mine of general Oriental learning for every one interested in the geography, literature, and history of the East, and it seems a pity that it cannot be reproduced in some cheaper form for general use. With some wholesome advice to those who intend to seek and buy Arab horses, we come to the end of this very interesting book, and we feel that any notice of it would be incomplete without a word of praise for the map and the beautiful coloured plates which illustrate it. We note two misprints for the second edition—on p. 113 J. K. Cheyne for T. K. Cheyne, and on p. 116 *مصر* for *مصر*. General Tweedie will be glad to know that a third edition of Wright's *Arabic Grammar* is being printed at Cambridge.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

Les mémoires d'une inconnue, 1780-1816. Paris: Plon.
Les révoltes scandinaves. Par Maurice Bigeon. Paris: Grasilier.
Le contrat démocratique. Par O. Paris: Grasilier.
Un peuple exproprié. Par Gaston des Aspres. Paris: Grasilier.
L'épiscopat français. Par un Chroniqueur. Paris: Grasilier.
La vie: scènes de tous les mondes. Par Paul Ginisty. Paris: Dentu.
Révolution d'Angleterre. Par Guizot. Cambridge: at the University Press.

WE cannot quite agree with the excellent publishers of *Mémoires d'une inconnue* (whom, from the initials, dates, and family details that she gives, there could not be much difficulty in identifying, if any one wished to do so) in their very high estimate of the value of their *trouvaille*. Indeed, this estimate rather puzzled us till we found out that the "Inconnue" was a rabid Bonapartist, who held that the first Napoleon (rest her soul!) was "aussi bon qu'il était grand," that he had "de l'esprit comme Voltaire," that he "left far behind him the so justly vaunted eloquence of Sallust and Tacitus" (it is good to speculate on the five words of burning immortality with which Tacitus would have branded Napoleon himself), that his head was ideally beautiful; and, to crown the whole, that at Longwood he was "toujours calme, toujours modéré, toujours maître de lui." Comparatively few people except sharp observers know the wave of Bonapartism which is now passing over France, and which, if there were a single representative of the family with a spark of genius, would probably land him on the throne. But it is a fact; and the publishing, with warm editorial laudations, of books like this is a sign of it.

Not that the "Inconnue" is an ordinary or despicable person. She must have had rather unusual brains; she can write; and her reflections (in a certain eighteenth-century cast) are occasionally striking. Her Anglophobia, which displays itself, not only in frantic denunciations of the "odious English," the "vile and ferocious English," but in denials of beauty to our girls and

comfort to our homes, is very piquant and amusing; and she has a few, though a very few, good stories. The best of these latter, perhaps, is one told of Mme. Récamier, who, while giving a large party, chose to be taken ill, went to bed, and left the door open. Thereupon first one guest, and then another, stole, to see the celebrated beauty unadorned; and at last the room was so full that the hinder ranks stood on chairs, which M. Récamier's thoughtful thrift covered with dusters or sheets that his visitors might behold his wife without damaging his furniture. The ill-nature, however, which is not unapparent even in this story covers the whole book, than which we have seldom read one better deserving the epithet *grincheux*. With a very few exceptions—Napoleon, her friend a certain Félicité, her sister, and of course her mother, are the chief—the *Inconnue* can mention no one without a fling or a slur; and she grumbles perpetually over her own destiny. Worse than all this is the form of the book, which is one of those long maudering monologues—not a diary nor regular memoirs, nor even a dramatic narrative punctuated and made actual by definite dates, incidents, conversations, and the like—which have always seemed to us the worst shape that either autobiography or biography can take. It may be said to be some excuse for her publisher-editors' praise that she is, after all, readable, and that we have read her; but we own that the "elevation of thought," the "dignity of character," the "generosity of heart," and so forth, which they discover in her, seem to us very much indeed to seek.

M. Maurice Bignon has thrown his net widely among the "illustrations" of Scandinavia who go a-Viking all over Europe in such a novel fashion. He has not limited himself to literature, and his list includes the names of Grieg and Sinding, as well as those of Björnson, Ibsen, Brandes, Lie, Strindberg, and Bang. Although a faint and unworthy scepticism may be aroused in the English reader by his confident and repeated reference to certain distinguished English men of letters called "Wordsworth" and "Schelley," he seems to have taken some pains with his particular subject, and his sketches are bright and pleasant to read. They do not lose by being, as a rule, pretty short; that on the author of *Synnove Solbakken* is the chief exception.

M. Grasilier, the successor of M. Savine, seems to be making for himself, among other things, a specialty in what we may call semi-political publications which are often very well worth reading. We have at the moment three before us; a sort of Utopia intended to supplement and replace Rousseau, a lament on the "expropriation" of the French people (by which M. Gaston des Aspres does not mean what some of our politicians would mean, but the mania for foreign fashions and the decay of the good old French ways), and an exceedingly brisk *chevauchée* (in violet paper binding to make it more telling) against their Greatnesses, the French Bishops. "O" (in whose model land we deeply regret to find that the "functionaries of public instruction" occupy the place of honour once assigned to soldiers and sailors), it seems, requested those who like his schemes to wear an ivy-leaf in their button-holes on May Day. But we are ignorant how many responded. M. des Aspres, who is by no means devoid of wits (though we fear they forsook him a little when he reproached the representatives of *Veuve Cliquot* with putting "Dry" instead of "Sec" on that august lady's bottles) may console himself by the thought that all countries are being pretty much denationalized. Until some beneficent barbarians uproot all the railways, sink all the steamboats, and pull down all the telegraph wires, the process, we fear, is likely to go on. The assailant of the *cuires violets*, as he would probably rather like to follow Saint-Simon in calling them, is, perhaps, more remarkable for zeal than charity; but he brings some very damaging charges.

M. Ginisty is not often dull; and in "Heidbrinck" (who is, we think, new to us) he has an illustrator who can conceive rather good illustrations, though he is not so well able to draw them. But "La Vie," according to M. Ginisty, is not exactly gay. One of his pieces, beginning with a sort of farce—a golden wedding forced on an old couple who are not thinking of it and rather hate each other than not—ends in a murder or attempt to murder. Another, perhaps more tragic, shows us a wife who revenges herself on her paralysed husband by making up her mourning in his sight as she sits dutifully by his bedside. We do not for a moment say that this grim humour may not be attempted. But it is a difficult thing to attempt, and it requires a tragic faculty which we think M. Ginisty hardly possesses.

We have before us, from the Cambridge University Press, an edition of the *Discours* which Guizot prefixed to his *Révolution d'Angleterre*, by Mr. H. W. Eve. The introduction might, we think, have been elaborated a little with advantage. The notes are very full and good, if sometimes unnecessarily minute.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

CONCERNING the coming of Gypsies into Scotland, and their early history in that country, Mr. David Macritchie's *Scottish Gypsies under the Stewarts* (Edinburgh: Douglas), a book suggested by Mr. Henry Crofton's *English Gypsies under the Tudors* and *Early Annals of the Gypsies in England*, contains much matter of interest, especially with regard to the historical aspect of the Gypsy problem. That problem, Mr. Macritchie candidly admits, has never been satisfactorily solved, and he regards his present study as a contribution to the solution of a still intricate question. It is a contribution that commands attention, both on account of the writer's care in research and caution in treating evidence. The first incontestable proof of the existence of Gypsies in Scotland is of no earlier date than the year 1505, and is found in an entry referring to a payment to certain Egyptians in the accounts of the Lord High Treasurer of Scotland. This statement remains uncontroverted, Mr. Macritchie remarks, by any evidence of the earlier existence of Gypsies in Scotland which he has collected, despite the extreme plausibility of that evidence. Something of doubt still clings to those earlier references. Thus, there is the romantic tradition of the recovery of the forfeited Barony of Bombie by the MacLellans, 1452-1460, told by Crawford in his *Peerage of Scotland* of 1716, who relates how the young son of the Laird of Bombie killed the leader of the "company of Saracens or Gypsies from Ireland" that infested Galloway, and brought his head to the King, whereupon he was "seized in the Barony of Bombie," according to the King's Proclamation. Now, Sir George Mackenzie, in his treatise on "Crests," tells the story without using the term "Gipsy." He mentions "Saracens" and "Mores" only. It is Crawford, quoting Mackenzie's story, written thirty-six years previously, who first writes of "Gypsies," "Saracens," and "Mores" as if they were terms of common significance. When Crawford wrote there were real Gypsies in Galloway, and it is likely, indeed, that he employs the term loosely and familiarly. Later versions of the story—as that which tells of a certain "Blackimore," "Black Morrow," or "Black Murray" slain by a McLellan in a wood near Kirkcudbright—do not greatly clear the mystery. Another traditional notice of Gypsies in the fifteenth century, edited by Mr. Macritchie, occurs in connexion with a romantic story of the Sinclairs of Polwarth, retold in Wilson's *Tales of the Border*, and mentioned in Miss Warrander's recent volume, *The Humes of Polwarth*. From this it would appear that there were Faas, or Faws, settled in the south-east of Scotland in 1470. "Johnny Faa," in this story, is described as "captain of a gang of Gypsies." It is hard to see why this traditional evidence is not as acceptable as the documentary reference to the "Egyptians" of King James's Treasury Accounts. No doubt, as Mr. Macritchie says, it is hard to determine any exact sense in which the word "Gypsies" was used in Scotland. It is strange that in some Gypsy trials the accused should be acquitted of being a Gypsy, if the true Romany is readily distinguished. If the distinction was racial, Mr. Macritchie observes, why should it be necessary, as the law decreed, to prove that the accused was an "Egyptian"? Proof must have been a difficult business, if there were both swarthy Gypsies, like the Faas and the Youngs, and fair-haired Gypsies, like the Blythes. Mr. Macritchie is disposed to think there were Gypsies in Scotland for a long period previous to the earliest record we have of them as "Egyptians," contrary to the general opinion that they entered the country in the fifteenth century, and drew unto them certain already existing "sorners," pedlars, "tinklers," and other nomadic folk—a theory, by the way, that would account for the fair-complexioned Blythes and other strange types of so-called Gypsies. Of the severity of the laws against Gypsies, and "resetting" or harbouring of Gypsies, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Mr. Macritchie's volume comprises many striking illustrations, and is in other respects a capable study of a fascinating subject.

All of Steele's comedies, and not a selection of "the best plays," as in other volumes of the "Mermaid Series," are printed in Mr. G. A. Aitken's *Richard Steele* (Fisher Unwin) for the first time together, and with the text collated with the various editions of each play. Mr. Aitken's work is decidedly not the least of the good deeds done under the sign of the Mermaid. It may be true that men now think of Steele as an essayist rather than a dramatist; but Steele's title to a place among the "Old Dramatists" is as clear as such titles can be. In his four completed comedies and his two fragments of plays may be found the wit and humour of the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, as Mr. Aitken justly observes; and the wit and humour, in a not less congenial field, are not less delightful. *The Conscious Lovers* has an atmosphere that is both warm and radiant with *bonhomie*. We find

that Steele pleases, while Congreve merely dazzles us, although Parson Adams thought it contained some things almost solemn enough for a sermon—a piece of kindly satire, as Mr. Aitken remarks, that indicates the weakness of the play. We think it no damaging weakness. Steele would moralize, as Pope did, and that is all. As the slightly altered prologue of *Welsted* runs:—

'Twas his with breeding to refine the age,
To chasten wit, and moralize the stage.

The story of Steele's long and intimate connexion with the theatre, from which sprang so large a part of the debts and lawsuits that distracted him, is clearly told by Mr. Aitken in his excellent introductory essay, and further illustrated in the appendix of illustrative documents referring to Steele's various Chancery suits with manager Rich and the actors.

Count Cavour and Madame de Circourt (Cassell & Co.) comprises "some unpublished correspondence," edited by Cavour's biographer, Count Nigra, and translated by Mr. A. J. Butler. The correspondence consists of some thirty letters of Cavour to Mme. de Circourt, written at various times since 1836 and 1860, with six letters from Cavour to Count Adolphe de Circourt, and an appendix of letters addressed to Count Nigra by Mme. de Circourt. This accomplished lady delighted in the society of European celebrities in the world of politics and letters. At Geneva, in her youth, she knew Sismondi, Pyramus de Candolle, and Bonstetten, the old friend of Gray. In Italy she made friends of many prominent men. Her *salon* at Paris, though of no definite political cast—M. de Circourt was Legitimist, though falsely accused, says Count Nigra, of indifference—attracted persons so diverse as Mérimée and Tocqueville, Lady Holland and Mrs. Austin, Cobden and Thiers, Ranke and Scherer, Cavour and Prévost-Paradol, Laurence Oliphant and Cousin. Cavour's letters contain many references to passing political and literary matters. In one he deploras the failure of Alfred de Vigny's candidature to the Academy—a temporary grief it proved—and in another he is indignant concerning the relations of the "singer of Elvira" (Lamartine) and the "baccchanal Lélia" (George Sand). Perhaps the most remarkable letter is that wherein he, who detested the Order, writes in admiring terms of a pamphlet by the Jesuit Father Ravignan, and concludes that "the Jesuits are not dangerous in France." There are some exceedingly frank references to Antonelli and the Papal army, the Garibaldians, and other elements of contemporary Italian politics, in the letters of 1860.

An amusing little book is Mr. Ernest Bramah's *English Farming, and Why I Turned it Up* (Leadenhall Press), and one that should profit some persons, if, as the author suggests, the reading of it may save "would-be farmers about five hundred a year." It is easy, of course, to lose that sum, and much more, on farming in England in these times, especially if the farmer be a beginner, as the writer was. Indeed, we have known a first venture turn out more profitless than his when undertaken in favourable times. On the whole, despite his unsatisfactory experience, we are rather surprised that he did not try again, since it is perfectly clear that he found farming to be extremely interesting, and the life of a farmer full of pleasantness. Such, at least, is the impression his entertaining narrative leaves with us. His sketches of the farm hands, the veterinary doctor, the neighbours, the dealers in horses and cattle, show a lively sense of humour. He has some good stories to tell, and tells them with such hearty enjoyment as tempers the edge of his recital of woes.

Much space, perhaps too much, of Major Seton Churchill's *Betting and Gambling* (Nisbet & Co.) is devoted to a demonstration of the alleged evils of gambling. However, in a book written in a popular spirit there may be a good effect produced by the cumulative method of setting forth the evidence, even if the evidence be trite enough. Major Churchill's array of witnesses comprises "judges, magistrates, newspaper correspondents, chaplains of gaols," and others, not to mention "gamblers themselves," and such authorities as Mr. John Page Hopps, the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, and Archdeacon Farrar. Many people think that gambling is dangerous and demoralizing. But Dr. Welldon has "never been able to see where the wrong of gambling begins," and Archdeacon Farrar finds it impossible to define it exactly.

The "Two" who are responsible for the stories in the new Pseudonym, *The Hon. Stanbury and Others* (Fisher Unwin), are better gifted in the story-telling art than in the art of devising and developing. They write better than they invent. *The Hon. Stanbury* is a most unpersuasive story of the infatuation of a sturdy unimaginative middle-aged bachelor for a ballet-dancer of decidedly moderate attractions. "Poor Miss Skeet" is, however, a neat sketch, though the theme is somewhat hazardous.

We cannot say that any of Miss Beatrice Harraden's short stories, in *Varying Moods* (Blackwood & Sons), strike us as

being equal to the author's first novel, either in charm of style or in freshness of design. In "The Umbrella Mender" we have a capital *motif* incompletely carried out. The fantastic element fails to be as impressive as it might be, and in the hands of a master of fantasy assuredly must have proved. In "At the Green Dragon," again, there is something unsatisfactory, something suggestive of an unrealized plan, or of a lost clew, though the story is prettily written, and the character of Joan, the restless, ambitious daughter of a farmer, is drawn with admirable delicacy.

Mr. A. E. Street's *Critical Sketches* (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.) range between criticism and fiction, between poetry and architecture, from Diderot and Hazlitt to Daudet and Dickens and Tolstoi, from the "Poetry of the Sea" to Westminster Abbey and the various plans for a memorial chapel. The essay on the last subject is well considered, on the whole, though we are entirely unconvinced of the necessity for any such schemes, whether Mr. Pearson's or another's, and are against any extension or addition to the Abbey. Another readable article is that on "The Realities of War"—Tolstoi, Verestchagin, Zola—and of William Hazlitt's place among the critics Mr. Street is not wanting in just estimation. His "Daudet and Dickens" is less good, though to be sure "there's a lot of Dickens in that Daudet." In the "Poetry of the Sea" Mr. Street deals with the novelists who have made scenic use of the ocean, some of them, it seems to us, as a mere stage "backcloth"—Hugo, Kingsley, Pierre Loti, Mr. Louis Stevenson, Mr. Clark Russell—and does not mention Marryat, in whose *Phantom Ship* there is, to our mind, more poetry of the sea than in any work of these other moderns.

A useful little book on an important subject is Mr. Thomas W. Nunn's *Growing Children and Awkward Walking* (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.), a work that treats from the surgeon's experience of the causes that lead to defects of gait. The section of the book that treats of preventive measures and the training of the young is marked by good sense and thoroughness. One of the most mischievous causes of ungainly walking, where no defects of structure or growth exist, is the stupid practice of compelling children to turn out the feet in walking. All good walkers walk with a straight foot, and this is the walk of primitive man.

We may notice here the appearance of a third edition of *Health at School* (Rivington, Percival, & Co.), by Dr. Clement Dukes, an admirable handbook of School Hygiene, and its mental, moral, and physical aspects.

The teaching of botany in schools has become so general, there must be considerable demand for good yet simplified text-books, such as treat of the branches of the science strictly within the limitations of each branch. An excellent example of what is needed is Mr. Dukinfield Henry Scott's introduction to *Structural Botany* (A. & C. Black). This volume is not a Manual of Botany—that generalized guide that is often a hindrance rather than an assistance to the young—but an introduction to the study of the structure of flowering plants. Mr. Scott's method is designed to impart thorough knowledge of, and not scrappy acquaintance with, plant structure. No better method could be pursued. The numerous excellent diagrams, illustrative of structural growth and development, and of the chemistry of plant life, are valuable aids to the author's exposition of the subject. Altogether, we can sincerely commend this volume as a science text-book of practical value.

Books on the Parish Councils Act continue to appear. Mr. Walter C. Ryder's volume—*The Local Government Act, 1894* (Reeves & Turner)—is the most complete and searching, in analysis and scope, of the many books that treat of the legal aspects and practical effect of the new Act. The notes are exceptionally clear and full.

The Parish Councillor's Guide (Jordan & Sons), by Messrs. H. C. Richards, W. H. C. Payne, and J. P. H. Soper, is designed for the guidance of the clergy, churchwardens, trustees of charities, members of Parish and District Councils. It will be found a serviceable little book, we cannot doubt, in the hands of those who are most directly interested in the subject.

We have also received the new volume of *St. Nicholas* (Century Company; Fisher Unwin), admirably illustrated, and rich in attractive fiction, essays, verse as ever; Vol. VII. of the "Jubilee" edition of Cassell's *History of England*, well illustrated with portraits, &c.; a new and cheap edition of Mr. R. D. Blackmore's *Mary Anerley* (Sampson Low & Co.); *Money* (Chatto & Windus), a translation of M. Zola's *L'Argent*, by Mr. Ernest Vizetelly; *The Royal English Dictionary*, by Thomas T. MacLagan (Nelson & Sons), a compact and cheap work, giving derivations (with authority), and printed in clear type; *Gems from the Talmud*, by the Rev. Isidore Myers (Simpkin & Co.), an interesting selection, translated in verse; *The Elements of Music*, by T. H.

Bertenshaw (Longmans & Co.), a sound and simple preliminary class-book, with illustrative exercises, forming Part I. of "Longmans' Musical Course"; *The Organization of Charities* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press), edited by Daniel C. Gilman, LL.D., being the Report of the International Congress, Chicago, 1893; *Compulsory Insurance in Germany*, Special Report of the Commissioner of Labour, Mr. Carroll Wright (Washington: Government Office); and the *Index—Volume 100—Temple Bar* (Bentley & Son), a Commemorative Index, giving titles of all articles appearing in the previous ninety-six volumes of this popular magazine.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MSS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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